NOVEMBER 1961

Commentary

THE TRIAL & EICHMANN by HAROLD ROSENBERG

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THEODORE DRAPER

THE SUCCESS OF INGMAR BERGMAN
HARRIS DIENSTFREY

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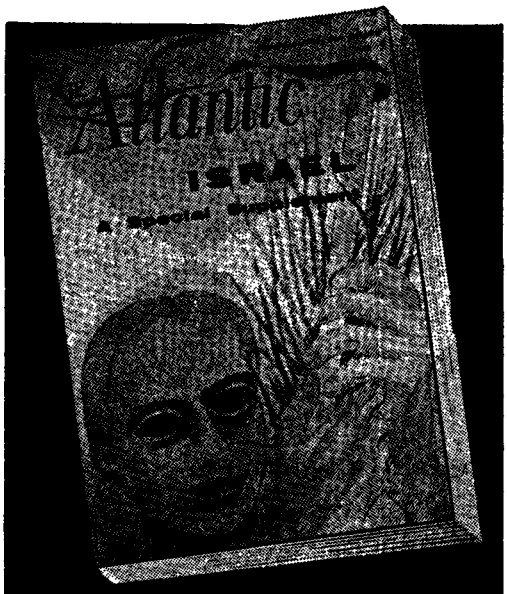

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THE TRIAL AND EICHMANN

HAROLD ROSENBERG

"IN THIS HARSH world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story," the dying Hamlet begged his friend Horatio. Telling can, apparently, require a sacrifice—in Hamlet's view, the supreme sacrifice of remaining alive. Why tell it then? What good will it do? It is a shocking story; to repeat it can only induce bad dreams, particularly in the few survivors of the bloody tragedy. Also, the story is confused and points to no edifying conclusion. For Horatio to accede to Hamlet's appeal, the passion of the friend and the poet must overcome the impulse of the man to seek relief from the past in oblivion.

Human beings, we assume, are entitled to peace of mind, and this privilege ought to be surrendered only if it can be demonstrated that the recalling of miseries will serve some useful purpose—that of social therapy perhaps, or of patriotism, or of progress toward a better world. Thus press reports of the trial of "The Attorney General versus Adolf, the son of Adolf Karl Eichmann" concluded their horrid accounts by arguing apologetically that virtuous ends might be furthered: "It is hoped," ran the refrain, "that bringing these evils to light will prevent anything like them from ever happening again." Dr. Servatius, chief attorney for the defense, asked in his summation that the case be determined in such a way as to "serve as a warning signpost for history" and a contribution to the cause of peace.

But suppose the justification for the telling were inadequate or even absurd? Can one really believe that the Trial of Eichmann will deter mass murderers in the future, or that it will advance international relations? Suppose the only predictable result of recalling the shootings, hangings, and gassings is to arouse fright in the susceptible and to perpetuate in Jews the memory of injuries suffered? To weigh the narration of "The Final Solution of the Jewish Problem" in terms of its probable effects is all but to argue for its suppression. And it is a fact that prominent among those who condemned in advance the proceedings in Jerusalem were representatives of mental health and social amelioration. But even among the supporters of the Trial, who dared squarely to represent the dead? Who dared to assert that the story of their sufferings must be recounted regardless of consequences? Yet is not the right of the victim to have his story told an absolute right?

The Trial undertook the function of tragic poetry, that of making the pathetic and terrifying past live again in the mind. But it had to carry out this function on a world stage ruled by the utilitarian code.

HAROLD ROSENBERG, a veteran contributor to COMMENTARY, was educated at the City College of New York and Brooklyn Law School, passing the New York State Bar examination in 1927. Best known as a critic of painting and literature, he has also written widely on politics and society. His book, *The Tradition of the New*, was issued by Horizon Press in 1959; and scheduled for publication soon, is his recently completed study of the painter Arshile Gorky.

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One read in the press immediately after Eichmann's capture that, despite international law, he was to be tried in Israel in order to satisfy popular passion there, particularly among the ex-Europeans whose families had perished in the murder program. This was held to be objectionable. In our culture, conditioned by psychiatry to seek "action outlets" for emotions (in disregard of such "outlets" as hearing and contemplating recognized by other societies), the excitement in Israel over the trapped Nazi raised the specter of pathological fixation, vendetta, lynching. What were the enraged Israelis going to do to Eichmann to avenge themselves for the Jewish blood shed by the Nazis? Sermons and warnings poured out from partisans of forgiveness, legality, and scientific objectivity. With the liberal world demanding, "Say what for, or convict yourselves of Nazi-like barbarism," Ben Gurion replied that revenge was out of the question and that the purpose of the Trial was to alert mankind to the dangers of anti-Semitism. Others suggested that the Trial aimed at stimulating Israeli patriotism by reminding the new generation that their fathers could go to their deaths unresisting in a despairing failure of will, but that national independence had brought them the spirit and the means to fight back. With statements like these in mind, Dr. Servatius was able at the end of the Trial to characterize it as a "political case."

Yet all these useful and forward-looking motives, not altogether free of false notes, were but a rationalistic disguise for the irresistible demand for a tragic retelling by multitudes inconceivably brought into the psychic unity of an antique folk by an inconceivable blow, their not-to-be-denied poetic passion to hear related, and before the whole of humanity, the terrible fate of their stricken relatives and ancestors. The Trial was a way of giving public shape to a tormenting memory.

But the need forced upon it to justify itself in terms of its effects was bound to lead to distortions. It is a few of these distortions that I wish to discuss here, it being understood that no criticism is intended of any of the officials concerned with the case; for not only were they under the outside pressure to have the Trial "make sense"; they were obliged also, as we shall see, to participate in incongruities by the legal situation itself.

HAD THE EICHMANN TRIAL been "a political case," or *only* a political case, it should have been conducted quite differently. Compared, for example, with other show trials of our time, such as the Moscow Trials or the Hiss Case, it reveals few signs of belonging to the same species. In these, the political message was *the* point, and every bit of evidence concerning the guilt of the defendant was organized to hammer that message home. Different as were the procedures of the Soviet People's Courts from those of courts ruled by the Bill of Rights, the offenses charged in each were presented in such a way as to appear less important in themselves than as symbols of conspiracies involving thousands of active, shadowy culprits not present in the courtroom. The trial in each of these cases was a cautionary parable hitting at these hidden enemies; hence it was not necessary that the misconduct alleged should possess the gravity of ordinary crime. Thus the Russians visibly fabricated fables out of police-inspired "confessions"; while our own federal prosecutor, overleaping the statute of limitations in order to reach into a previous decade, won a verdict of perjury by presenting proof of espionage comprising old typewriters, Persian rugs, prothonotary warblers, pumpkins, and other fanciful cuttings from the world between everyday life and mystery literature.

In Jerusalem, by contrast, the actual past was everything, beyond any lesson, and masses of fact were piled into the record for no other reason than that there were people to recount them. Once the testimony concerning the anguish of the Jews began, all forms, whether required

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for legally upholding an indictment or for "setting signposts for history," became obstacles in the way of the narrative impulse. Everyone with a personal or group tragedy to relate had to be given his day in court as in some vast collective dirge. For almost two months, the defendant and the world heard from individuals escaped from the grave about fathers and mothers, graybeards, adolescents, babies, starved, beaten to death, strangled, machine-gunned, gassed, burned. One who had been a boy in Auschwitz had to tell how children had been selected by height for the gas chambers. The gruesome humor of the Nazis was not forgotten—the gas chamber with a sign on it with the name of a Jewish foundation and bearing a copper Star of David—nor the gratuitous sadism of SS officers. Public relations strategists everywhere, watching the reaction of the German press, the liberal press, the lunatic-fringe press, listening to their neighbors, studying interviews with men and women on the street, cried out: Too much, too much—the mind of the audience is becoming dulled, the horrors are losing their effect. And still another witness, one who had crawled out from under a heap of corpses, had to tell how the victims had been forced to lay themselves head to foot one on top of the other before being shot. . . .

Most of this testimony may have been legally admissible as bearing on the *corpus delicti* of the total Nazi crime but seemed subject to question when not tied to the part in it of the defendant's Department of Jewish Affairs. Counsel for the defense, however, shrewdly allowing himself to be swept by the current of dreadful recollections, rarely raised an objection. Would not the emotional catharsis eventually brought on by this awfulness have a calming, if not exhausting, effect likely to improve his client's chances? Those who feared "emotionalism" at the Trial showed less understanding than Dr. Servatius of the route by which man achieves the distance necessary for fairness toward enemies. Interruptions came largely from the bench, which numerous times rebuked the Attorney General for letting his witnesses run on, though it, too, made no serious effort to choke off the flow.

But there was a contrast even more decisive than a hunger for fact between the Trial in Jerusalem and those in Moscow and New York. In each of the last, the trial *marked the beginning of a new course:* in Moscow the liquidation of the Old Bolsheviks and the tightening of Stalin's dictatorship; in the United States the initiation of militant anti-Communism, with the repentant ex-Communist in the vanguard. These trials were properly termed "political cases" in that the trial itself was a political act producing political consequences. But what could the Eichmann Trial initiate? Of what new course could it mark the beginning? The Eichmann case looked to the past, not to the future. It was the conclusion of the first phase of a process of tragic recollection, and of refining the recollection, that will last as long as there are Jews. As such, it was beyond politics and had no need of justification by a "message."

"IT IS NOT AN individual that is in the dock at this historical trial—" said Ben Gurion, "and not the Nazi regime alone—but anti-Semitism throughout history." How could supplying Eichmann with a platform on which to maintain that one could collaborate in the murder of millions of Jews *without being an anti-Semite* contribute to a verdict against anti-Semitism? And if it was not an individual who was in the dock, why was the Trial, as we shall observe later, all but scuttled in the attempt to prove Eichmann a "fiend"? These questions touch the root of confusion in the prosecution's case.

It might be contended, of course, that Eichmann in stubbornly denying anti-

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Semitic feelings was lying or insisting on a private definition of anti-Semitism. But in either event he was the wrong man for the kind of case outlined by Ben Gurion and set forth in the indictment. In such a case the defendant should serve as a clear example and not have to be tied to the issue by argument. One who could be linked to anti-Semitism only by overcoming his objections is scarcely a good specimen of the Jew-baiter throughout the ages. Shout at Eichmann though he might, the Prosecutor could not establish that the defendant was falsifying the way he felt about Jews or that what he did feel fell into the generally recognized category of anti-Semitism. Yes, he believed that the Jews were "enemies of the Reich," and such a belief is, of course, typical of "patriotic" anti-Semites; but he believed in the Jew-as-enemy in a kind of abstract, theological way, like a member of a cult speculating on the nature of things. The real question was how one passed from anti-Semitism of this sort to murder, and the answer to this question is not to be found in anti-Semitism itself. In regard to Eichmann, it was to be found in the Nazi outlook, which contained a principle separate from and far worse than anti-Semitism, a principle by which the poison of anti-Semitism itself was made more virulent. Perhaps under the guidance of this Nazi principle one could, as Eichmann declared, feel personally friendly toward the Jews and still be their murderer. Not through fear of disobeying orders, as Eichmann kept trying to explain, but through a peculiar giddiness that began in a half-acceptance of the vicious absurdities contained in the Nazi interpretation of history and grew with each of Hitler's victories into a permanent lightmindedness and sense of magical rightness that was able to respond to any proposal, and the more outrageous the better, "Well, let's try it." At any rate, the substance of Eichmann's testimony was that all his actions flowed from his membership in the party and the SS, and though the Prosecutor did his utmost to prove actual personal hatred of Jews, his success on this score was doubtful and the anti-Semitic lesson weakened to that extent.

BUT IF THE Trial did not expose the special Nazi mania so deadly to Jews as well as to anyone upon whom it happened to light, neither did it warn very effectively against the ordinary anti-Semitism of which the Nazis made such effective use in Germany and wherever else they could find it. If anti-Semitism was on trial in Jerusalem, why was it not identified, and with enough emphasis to capture the notice of the world press, in its connection with the activities of Eichmann's Department of Jewish Affairs, as exemplified by the betrayal and murder of Jews by non-police and non-party anti-Semites in Germany, as well as in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary? The infamous Wansee Conference called by Heydrich in January 1942, to organize the material and technical means to put to death the eleven million Jews spread throughout the nations of Europe, was attended by representatives of major organs of the German state, including the Reich Minister of the Interior, the State Secretary in charge of the Four Year Plan, the Reich Minister of Justice, the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs. The measures for annihilation proposed and accepted at the Conference affected industry, transportation, civilian agencies of government. Heydrich, in opening the Conference, followed the reasoning and even the phraseology of the order issued earlier by Goering which authorized the Final Solution as " a complement to" previous "solutions" for eliminating the Jews from German living space through violence, economic strangulation, forced emigration, and evacuation. In other words, the promulgators of the murder plan made clear that physically exterminating the Jews was but an extension of

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the anti-Semitic measures already operating in every phase of German life, and that the new conspiracy counted on the general anti-Semitism that had made those measures effective, as a readiness for murder. This, in fact, it turned out to be. Since the magnitude of the plan made secrecy impossible, once the wheels had began to turn, persons controlling German industries, social institutions, and armed forces became, through their anti-Semitism or their tolerance of it, conscious accomplices of Hitler's crimes; whether in the last degree or a lesser one was a matter to be determined individually.

What more could be asked for a Trial intended to warn the world against anti-Semitism than this opportunity to expose the exact link between the respectable anti-Semite and the concentration-camp brute? Not in Eichmann's anti-Semitism but in the anti-Semitism of the sober German man of affairs lay the potential warning of the Trial. No doubt many of the citizens of the Third Reich had conceived their anti-Semitism as an "innocent" dislike of Jews, as do others like them today. The Final Solution proved that the Jew-baiter of any variety exposes himself to being implicated in the criminality and madness of others. Ought not an edifying Trial have made every effort to demonstrate this once and for all by showing how representative types of "mere" anti-Semites were drawn step by step into the program of skull-bashings and gassings? The Prosecutor in his opening remarks did refer to "the germ of anti-Semitism" among the Germans which Hitler "stimulated and transformed." But if there was evidence at the Trial that aimed over Eichmann's head at his collaborators in the societies where he functioned, the press seems to have missed it.

Nor did the Trial devote much attention to exposing the usefulness of anti-Semitism to the Nazis, both in building their own power and in destroying that of rival organizations and states. Certainly, one of the best ways of warning the world against anti-Semitism is to demonstrate its workings as a dangerous weapon. Eichmann himself is a model of how the myth of the enemy-Jew can be used to transform the ordinary man of present-day society into a menace to *all* his neighbors. Do patriots everywhere know enough about how the persecution of the Jews in Germany and later in the occupied countries contributed to terrorizing the populations, splitting apart individuals and groups, arousing the meanest and most dishonest impulses, pulverizing trust and personal dignity, and finally forcing people to follow their masters into the abyss by making them partners in unspeakable crimes? The career of Eichmann made the Trial a potential showcase for anti-Semitic demoralization: fearful of being mistaken for a Jew, he seeks protection in his Nazi uniform; clinging to the enemy-Jew idea, he is forced to overcome habits of politeness and neighborliness; once in power he begins to give vent to a criminal opportunism that causes him to alternate between megalomania and envy of those above him. "Is this the type of citizen you desire?" the Trial should have asked the nations. But though this characterization in no way diminished Eichmann's guilt, the Prosecutor, more deeply involved in the tactics of a criminal case than a political one, would have none of it.

Finally, if the mission of the Trial was to convict anti-Semitism, how could it have failed to post before the world the contrasting fates of the countries in which the Final Solution was aided by native Jew-haters—i.e., Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia—and those in which it met the obstacle of human solidarity—Denmark, Holland, Italy, Bulgaria, France? Should not everyone have been awakened to it as an outstanding fact of our time that the nations poisoned by anti-Semitism proved less fortunate in regard to their own freedom than those whose citizens saved their Jewish com-

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patriots from the transports? Wasn't this meaning of Eichmann's experience in various countries worth highlighting?

AS THE FIRST collective confrontation of the Nazi outrage, the Trial of Eichmann represents a recovery of the Jews from the shock of the death camps, a recovery that took fifteen years and which is still by no means complete (though let no one believe that it could be hastened by silence). Only across a distance of time could the epic accounting begin. It is already difficult to recall how little we knew before the Trial of what had been done to the Jews of Europe. It is not that the facts of the persecution were unavailable; most of the information elicited in Jerusalem had been brought to the surface by the numerous War Crimes tribunals and investigating commissions, and by reports, memoirs, and survivors' accounts. As early as 1952, Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution* had organized into sequence the various phases of the annihilation program and the horrors visited upon different groups of victims. Yet it is questionable that much of this growing body of knowledge entered the general consciousness or even that of many Jews. Even today the Nazi conspiracy is rarely grasped in the various stages and objectives through which it developed as the leaders reacted to world events and tested how far the conscience of a civilization would allow itself to be outraged. For most who lived through this period, the Nuremburg Laws, asphyxiation buses, rabbis scrubbing pavements, boycotts, death marches, the Crystal Night atrocities, gas chambers, are all jumbled together in a vague hurt as of a bruise received in the dark. One still meets people who speak of six million *German* Jews killed. Perhaps no crime in history has been better documented or more vaguely apprehended.

One reason for our ignorance lies in the character and interests of our "communications" media, a subject we cannot enter into here. Another reason lies within ourselves, in the nature of our ideas and of our way of understanding large public occurrences. The scientific temper of our time has so accustomed us to generalize about "forces" and "trends" that we pay little attention to the events themselves, has so accustomed us to look behind the happening for its cause that we give scant notice to the human actors engaged in the doing. The deadliest foe is dissolved into an abstraction; he becomes an instance or a symptom.

But the unfolding of a crime cannot be grasped except through the actions of the perpetrator of the crime. Without Iago, the tragedy of Othello disintegrates into a dream of jealousy. In the absence of the enemy whose complex of assaults was in fact a single continuing attack, the tragedy of the Jews lacked coherence as well as particularity—those shot on the Polish border, gassed at Belsen, seemed, as Dr. Servatius was to suggest they were, but war victims of a different kind. The ordeal of the Jews was fully exposed with the opening of the death camps, but to absorb this knowledge into our experience it was necessary that we confront the image of the assassin and the motive and method of his attack. Only the presence of the enemy could bring all these disparate acts into focus as a thrust against the Jews which they were all but powerless to resist.

One knew, of course, that the ones most directly responsible were Hitler, Himmler, Goering, Heydrich. But when one tried to fix these figures at the center of the fury, they failed somehow to stay in place, less perhaps because they were already dead by the time the entire scale of their deed had risen to view than because killing Jews was only a fraction of their crimes; carried back to the masters of the Reich, the sufferings of the Jews blended with those of the Czechs, the Poles, the Russians, indeed masses of injured throughout the world.

With the seizure of Eichmann there

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appeared suddenly a living protagonist for *this* crime, a man bound to the misery of the Jews as his specialty, his sole reason for being. The chief of the Department of Jewish Affairs, Sec. IV B4 of the combined Gestapo and SS, was particularly and totally identified with the murder plan in that he had no other role, no status nor stature apart from this single function, that of ferrying Jews to their deaths. Even his comparatively low rank, of which he tried to make so much at his Trial as proving his lack of authority to initiate or avoid decisions, stood as a mark of his complete association with the Jews, in that it reflected the Nazi contempt for them—the power of life and death over the Jews could be put into the hands of a mere lieutenant colonel. With Eichmann in his cage in Jerusalem it was possible for the first time to visualize the massacres that had taken place across the face of Eastern Europe not as disconnected atrocities, like outbursts of violence in an insane asylum, but as a planned and centralized undertaking aimed at the annihilation of all Jews.* By his presence, Eichmann removed the crime from the madhouse and situated it in history. Unlike other pogroms, the German atrocity now became part of the chronicle of a great nation, memorable to its members as well as to the Jews.

THE TRIAL WAS thus a re-enactment of the transports and the camps that brought face to face the main characters of the tragedy. As a medium of dramatic narration, however, a trial has basic shortcomings. These were exaggerated in the unprecedented case of the six million. Characteristics of the judicial form hampered the public telling of the story of the Jews, at the same time that they favored the strategy of the defendant in reducing his culpability to the vanishing point.

The question-and-answer form of a trial examination breaks into fragments the events described by the witness. In the Eichmann case, witnesses were allowed to speak with a minimum of interruption from counsel. But as against this advantage, no witness for the prosecution actually had more than a tiny bit to tell about the gigantic offensive by which he had been overtaken. Nor was any order possible in the series of testimonies by survivors that would fill out the shape of the whole offense. Moreover, of the story received in fragments, the press communicated still smaller fragments, indeed only the minutest samples. Thus once again the world saw a splatter of atrocities but without an active human center. For the first time more than a passing glimpse was gained of the dreadful fate that befell the Jews of Europe, and this was the great contribution of the Trial. But what led to this fate, both in regard to the events that brought it about and the persons in various degrees responsible for it, was still left largely to conjecture.

Another handicap of court procedure is that the bench, unlike the poet or storyteller in his recapture of the specific emotional quality of the event recounted, does its best to bleach out the human coloration of incidents as an impediment to impartial judgment. Like other scientific approaches, the law exaggerates the *neutrality* of what is done: a witness may testify that he saw *X* climb a wall and enter a window but not that he was convinced that *X* intended to rob the apartment—which makes the activity of the robber identical with that of a householder who has lost his key. The law all but invites an Eichmann to describe himself as a "transport officer." No doubt,

* One wonders how many American Jews are aware that "The Final Solution of the Jewish Problem," which was put into effect after the Nazis had overrun much of Europe and established puppet alliances in both the West and the East, was intended to be applied throughout the world as the Nazi victory was extended. Had the United States lost the war, which it had entered a month before Wansee, there can be no doubt that Obersturmbannführer Eichmann would have shown up in Washington to negotiate our removal to the camps.

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there is an "objective" ingredient in the the actions of men, and it is possible that sequences of actions can organize themselves apart from human intention to bring about a catastrophe. The Greek theater, which emphasized the *fatality* of disaster, compensated for this emphasis by the protests and outcries of the Chorus. In the Eichmann case, the calm of judicial procedure often led to offense, if not outrage; and something comparable to the Greek Chorus was spontaneously brought into being in Jerusalem by survivors of the camps who sprang up in the gallery from time to time to hurl curses at the defendant seated in his block of ice—but these were hastily ejected from the courtroom to quiet the seas of rage, frustration, and anguish that welled up underneath it.

But while order could be restored, the court had no way of rectifying the imbalance between what was being said by the defense and what had been done in the camps. Instead of the grief and horror appropriate to the narration of tragic happenings, the law court establishes an atmosphere of discussion. A trial implies a contest; the very word "defendant" contains the thought that a defense is possible. This in a way regularizes the offense of the accused—even if he is found guilty, it will be within a category of crime known to the law and accepted by it as possessing precedents. As a defendant, Eichmann, had, by definition, a "case."

IN KEEPING with this legal assumption that Eichmann's guilt was a subject of debate, things were discussed that are not discussable. For instance, wasn't it to the advantage of the Jews to be delivered to the gas chambers more efficiently? "It cannot be denied," the defendant testified, "that this orderliness [which he had introduced into the deportations and which speeded them up] was to some extent to the benefit of the people who were deported." Given Eichmann's admissions both before and during the Trial, the reasonable examination of his behavior and motives put things in a grotesque light, as if the judges, the Prosecutor, the spectators, had by their mere presence agreed to cooperate with the defense in respecting its monstrous hypotheses. A kind of black humor was thus precipitated at which one could not allow oneself to laugh. At this Trial, the verdict of which was bound to be incongruous—"how punish one man for six million dead?"—every analytical statement tended to turn into a ridiculous statement and a new insult to any sense of a human order. Taking advantage to the limit of his legal privilege of minimizing his guilt by surgically separating his segment of the action from the whole—"Killing is one thing, but transportation is something else. I had nothing to do with killing"—Eichmann barely stops short of justifying his Gestapo vocation, while condemning the Gestapo: since he had not personally initiated the Gestapo program, he did no wrong in carrying it out. Here the terminology of debate produces unspeakable assumptions as in a dialogue between dope addicts. Defending his delivery of the Jews to the hangman as conducted in good taste and implying no enmity to Jews, Eichmann takes for granted his right to dispose of Jews by calling attention to ways worse than his of exercising this right, i.e., by brutes and sadists. On testimony as to his having beaten a Vienna community leader, he excuses himself for having lost his temper and enters into a dissertation on his customary gentlemanly manners—until one almost forgets what an infinite grievance and humiliation it was that any Jew, just because he was a Jew, should even have had to talk to this individual. But if for the hunter of women and babies to describe himself, and be described by a respected lawyer, as merely "arranging timetables" is an insane contention, the insanity is not in Eichmann but in the logic of normal trial procedure when applied in this case.

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The necessary coolness of a courtroom favored Eichman—I even venture to propose that counting in advance on the neutral style of the law (duplicated in that creation of law, bureaucracy) contributed to the formation of his character as a Nazi. Was not the detached perspective toward his own part in the Final Solution suggested to him early in his career by the fearful prospect of one day being brought to trial? Detachment and "correctness" constituted his anticipatory defense and made up the "legal personality" that he would present before the bar. "He always told me," testified his friend Dieter Wisliceny, long before Eichmann was caught, "that the most important thing was to be covered at all times by one's superiors. He shunned all personal responsibility and took care to shelter behind his superiors . . . and to inveigle them into accepting liability for all his actions." This Nazi conducted his life of villainy along the lines of the plea he would make years later in the Jerusalem courtroom. In William Shirer's account of Hitler's moves until his assault on Poland, the Fuehrer's entire strategy pivots on preparing points of retreat and disavowal should the policeman's club rap on the door. In Israel, as earlier in the Weimar Republic, the law was confounded by a new problem: that of dealing with a defendant who as part of his preparation for his crime has penetrated the limitations of legal theory in regard to actions inspired by ideological combines, limitations based on the need of the court to define separately the offense of each person brought before it, unless the court itself is prepared to commit itself ideologically by a verdict of criminal conspiracy against the agents of a particular movement.

One of the extreme distortions of the Eichmann Trial was that it presented to the world only the courtroom identity which Eichmann had created over the years for just this courtroom situation, and which he had refined to the utmost in his long months of imprisonment. The self-fascinated ego he had disclosed in Argentina to the Dutch journalist Sassen was kept off the stage. So, too, was one of the conditions that directly contributed to making the murder program possible: the waves of egotistical afflatus that carried the Nazis and Germans of all classes from peak to peak of brutal arrogance after Hitler had begun his triumphal march across Europe. Here again the "Chorus" suplied a correction more revealing than hours of cross-examination to Eichmann's carefully constructed image of the little clerk checking his memos: "But you should have seen him in his SS uniform," cried a voice from the gallery.

To Eichmann, playing the part of defendant supplied a degree of safety and assurance he could obtain in no other way. The longer the Trial went on, the farther removed he became from the reality of his acts, and the more *"unschuldig"* he grew in his own eyes—toward the end he was threatening to wreck the Trial by confessing at random if the Prosecutor pressed him too hard on points that did not coincide with the image he chose to present. In court Eichmann no longer had to reflect on what he had done. He had only to strengthen the defense he had chosen from among those made available by the legal tradition, that of having acted within an unbreakable chain of causes or under the direction of a superior will.

THE TRIAL WAS HELD in order to tell the story of the Jews of Europe. But Eichmann passionately desired to tell *his* story—we know that in 1956, no longer able to endure his incognito, he told at length the tale of his life to a stranger he met in a Buenos Aires bar. One may conjecture that being captured by the Israelis was to Eichmann a mixed misfortune. True, his life was put in danger; in return he was given the opportunity to become one of the most memorable figures of this century. What could have meant more to

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this "*kleiner mann*" who, above all else, found his anonymity intolerable?

Also, what better moment could have been chosen for Eichmann? Had he been brought to the dock at Nuremberg, he would have been overshadowed by scores of offenders far above him in rank and interest: Reich Marshals, propagandists, diplomats, slave-labor industrialists—gentlemen who spoke in much the same style as Eichmann and even at times looked like him. In my files, for instance, I find a clipping from the New York *Times* dated January 4, 1946, which contains a photograph of a Major General of Police named Otto Ohlendorf testifying before a War Crimes court. Allow for the fifteen years that have elapsed and this youthful-looking man with his earphones is as much like Eichmann as would be two cadets or seminarians. As to manner and character, the *Times* reporter supplied the following:

> The 90,000 lives that Ohlendorf confessed taking at Adolf Hitler's command seemed to rest easily on his conscience. He talked in a matter-of-fact tone, admitting each mass killing as calmly as if the victims had been cattle or sheep. Yet in appearance he is not particularly brutal or inhuman, looking more like a somewhat humorless shoe salesman one might meet anywhere. . . . Ohlendorf described the manner in which Jews were rounded up and killed as a man might describe an ordinary business transaction.

When the world had major generals like these to observe, why should it have paid attention to a mere lieutenant colonel?

By 1961, however, the star performers of Nazi frightfulness had vanished, while mankind, after a decade and a half of respite, was prepared to endure a review of the past. Best of all for Eichmann, he was to be tried in Israel—for only among Jews was he first in importance and certain of recognition in the full scope of his former power.

But Eichmann's outlook for immortality was imperiled by one possibility: that the Prosecutor would rest his case after establishing Eichmann's function as the head of the Department of Jewish Affairs and the steps he had taken to carry out that function. By the precedent of Nuremberg, an accomplice in mass murder may earn a capital sentence, though his deeds had been performed in obedience to orders. There would not be much satisfaction for Eichmann in a trial that condemned him for his exact part in the complex of decisions and measures constituting the Final Solution. In a case along such lines he would be liable to maximum punishment yet without being relieved of his anonymity.

Eichmann was, however, able to head off such a trial by the confessions in his preliminary examination. Given his willingness to admit his role in the murder operation, it was plain that an indictment restricted to Eichmann's part in the Final Solution would be met by a plea of guilty—in that event, there would be no trial and the value of Eichmann's capture would be vitiated. There could be a trial only if Eichmann were charged with personal guilt over and above actions incontestably related to his Gestapo functions. In sum, the condition of the trial was that Eichmann's personality should be made central to the question of his guilt.

With this kind of charge Eichmann was prepared to cope. Having mounted the world stage, he would now defend himself, like Hitler before him, as the little man, the put-upon "front soldier," the honest victim of unfair dislike—specifically, in this instance, the "link in the sausage," the "cog in the machine." Seen abstractly—that is, apart from the murder apparatus into which Eichmann had been feeding bodies—this was a defense which the contemporary world could thoroughly appreciate. The Nazi mind is nothing if not "modern"; the strength of Hitler's movement lay in its keenness regarding the perversities of present-day experience and its cynicism in making use of them. Chief among these common perversities is the

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sense of loss of self and responsibility that comes from functioning in a large organization. Eichmann's defense was designed to appeal to the universal appreciation of the plight of the organization man. Who cannot grasp that one in the middle of a chain of command—a link in the sausage—simply passes down orders he receives from above, without having the power to alter their content or to influence their ultimate effect? Everyone in an organization is in a sense nothing but a "traffic officer," while the directors at the top reach decisions that reflect a collective mind separate from that of each. It is the fictitious being of the corporation that acts, while all the persons in the company are innocent. And this plea of immunity through the corporation is one that sits very well in legal logic; for the corporation, too, like the government bureau, is the creature of the law itself; it is a "fictitious legal entity," set up precisely to supply immunity to the individuals who manipulate its levers. It is not thinkable to be the dispatcher of human shipments to death factories, but by analogy with the clean hands of the office man in charge of shipping fish fertilizer or veal carcases, it *is* thinkable.

With the cog idea Eichmann was able to play the Nazi double game of the servile hero. He was a nobody acting under orders, but this nobody had to be able, in order to do his gruesome duty, to conquer the creature in himself, with its sentiments, its weaknesses. Eichmann tells how he faltered at the sight of the "fountain of blood," but that had he been ordered to do so, he would have slain his own father. Thus the "cog" becomes the protagonist of an ethical drama, overcoming in anguish his excess of human feeling; in the end he is, in his own eyes, a noble warrior deserving sympathy for his conflicts and sufferings. In sum, Eichmann's defense exemplifies the chicanery of *protected* viciousness with which the Nazis allured the leaders of Germany's industry and armed forces—through the Nazi concept of the cog they would even be able to avoid responsibility for the Nazis.

A cog cannot, of course, be concerned with suffering inflicted by the machine of which it is a part. Eichmann's defense endeavored to associate him with the literary image of an inquisitor so "abstract" that the screams of the victims could not break through his absorption with his gears and timetables. Such an abstract man, however, is authentic only if he also purges himself of any sensitivity to his own pain, like the officer of Kafka's *The Penal Colony* who throws himself into the lethal machine out of fidelity to his idea. But what of a "cog" that is infinitely concerned with staying alive? What of this dedicated agent of death who suddenly shows so much respect for his own mere existence? The efforts pursued by Eichmann following the end of the war to save his skin destroy any credibility that might attach itself to the image of the unwilling slave of orders from above. He executed those orders because he benefited from executing them—his lust to survive belies any surrender of self to the "machine," any transcendence into impersonality. His behavior after the Nazi collapse demonstrates that, like most of his fellow criminals, he gave himself to the Fuehrer and the party not as a religious convert gives himelf to his cult but as a swindler assumes the discipline of the band. Eichmann in court thus personifies the fraudulence of Nazi alienation. His enterprising self-defense, proving that he committed his crimes for his own advantage, makes him personally guilty of the death of each human being he delivered to the executioner.

Eichmann's distortion of the relation between the individual and the organization and between the follower and his cult gives his defense its typical Nazi character. It is a defense that arises from the very heart of the present-day social juggling with responsibility which the Nazis had translated into the political principle of

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the all-responsible Fuehrer and the strategy of bureaucratic disavowal. Through Hitler, a party and a nation of innocents were created by drawing all into the corporation (all, that is, who were to be allowed to survive). Except for Hitler himself, each of these corporate limbs or organization men could claim before the bar of liberal jurisprudence that as a man he was something other than his actions and opposed to them. In contrast to the necessity imposed upon his behavior by the organization,* his freedom was private, inward, and intangible, and by the preferences of this inner state he would demand to be judged.

Thus to convict Eichmann *totally,* Prosecutor Hausner strove to "restore," as a New York *Times* headline put it, "the arch-killer," to prove Eichmann subjectively an enemy of the Jews, one animated by "bottomless hatred" and "murderous fury" and still devoid of remorse;† while Judge Landau asked Dr. Servatius during the latter's summation: "Do we have anything in the testimony of the accused . . . which shows that he revolted internally against the extermination orders?" But suppose he had "revolted internally" while still continuing to send Jews to the ovens? He did revolt, Dr. Servatius replied, but he was powerless to make his objections manifest. So the issue seemed unresolved—in contrast to the electrical monopoly cases in which the U.S. Federal Judge indignantly cast aside evidence regarding the personal good character of the defendants, as well as the defense of orders from above. For unless the law judges according to the actions of the defendant it risks losing itself in the metaphysics of doing versus being. In the Eichmann Trial, perhaps out of excessive sensitivity to the coercion of individuals by impersonal forces, what the defendant had *not* done was allowed to become part of the proceedings, as Hitler had been allowed by the democratic world to talk about not invading Czechoslovakia after he had delivered his ultimatum. But except for being the executive in charge of the Gestapo's Jew-killing department—how careful he was to distinguish the responsibility of this department from that of the Wehrmacht and the Foreign Office!—Eichmann was "a man like everyone else."

BY THE CONDITIONS of his Trial, Eichmann had to be allowed to compete with the survivors in their telling of the story of the Jews of Europe. He had to be allowed his defense, deceitful, absurd, and outrageous as it was. The issue of his subjective guilt was, however, a distraction that ought to have been reduced to a minimum. Why should this self-styled nobody who had hurled into silence so many of the subtlest and most humane intellects of Europe have been permitted to elaborate on each trait of his character, his opinions on all sorts of matters, including Kant's categorical imperative, and his conception of himself as Pontius Pilate and as a "romantic," his reaction to his wife's reading the Bible, his drinking of mare's milk and *schnapps?* One question would have sufficed to complete the formulation of his culpability: "Weren't you the head of Sec. IV B4 of RSHA charged with the extermination of the Jews of Europe, and did you not carry out the function assigned to you to the best of your ability?" Any intimation that one could be *more* guilty than Eichmann after his admission that "I knew that some of the Jews would be exterminated" revealed an intrinsic confusion of values. Regardless of the verdict, the Trial should have affirmed in the most positive terms that

* It will be recalled that one of the dramatic moments of the Trial came when Eichmann stepped out of his glass cage to defend himself with—an organization chart.

† Hausner's complaint in his summation that Eichmann showed no remorse indicated that the Prosecutor either failed or refused to understand Eichmann's defense: since according to this defense no harm had emanated from Eichmann as a person, but only passed through him as a "link," he had nothing to regret, except perhaps having been imposed upon by the Nazi "error."

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absolutely nothing could weigh a hair's-breadth in the guilt of one who had performed with efficiency and zeal the job of deliberately sending innocent men, women, and children to be tortured, shot, and gassed.

Unfortunately, the Israeli Attorney General accepted with the zeal of a courtroom David the challenge of Eichmann to prove his inner viciousness as well as the criminality of his deeds. The world looked to the testimony of Eichmann not for an image of the Fiend but for a clearer and more detailed delineation of the evolution of the Nazi murder plan out of programs of discrimination and expulsion, for information on where the action of the Final Solution began and what each category of its executants had added to it in practice. Instead of light on these matters, it got Eichmann's contest with the Prosecutor, as Mr. Hausner strove by cross-examination, in which shouts of "liar" and heavy sarcasm were met by sour rage, to "break down" the defendant as in an ordinary case of manslaughter or burglary. For twenty-five days the stage was surrendered to this tournament. In the interval the anguish of Auschwitz and Maidanek was forced into the background. Yet in the end the Attorney General, for all his oratory about Eichmann's murdering with "fervor and insatiable lust," was compelled to fall back on the irrefutable charge of his being "involved in a conspiracy to commit crimes against the Jewish people and against humanity . . . and occupying a central position in this conspiracy in its executive stage."

While the story of the mass victim had been shredded into bits by courtroom procedure, the defense was able from first to last to maintain a single, continuing impression: that of the embattled prisoner parrying endless confrontations and questions with itemized explanations of his lack of responsibility. By the time the cross-examination was over, each molecule of the enormous crime had been funneled through Eichmann into a void. Even his style of speech had been used to veil the atrocious reality which the Trial had attempted to communicate: "He seemed," wrote Lawrence Fellows in the *Times*, "to be avoiding wherever possible the use of words like Jews, death, concentration camps. His testimony was shot through with mention of superior orders, and it was immersed in the special jargon of bureaucracy." Eichmann's weeks on the stand had the effect not of breaking him down but of breaking down in the mind of the world audience the outlines, traced with such difficulty, of the Final Solution as a conspiracy of murderous men, and transforming it into an *impersonal process*. Not only was the form of events lost but even their chronology. "Mr. Hausner," Presiding Judge Landau objected at one point, "we discussed Holland and France last week and now we have come back to them again."

Thus there was presented in Jerusalem an indispensable account of the tragedy of the Jews in this era, but it was an account marred in the telling and needing to be gone over and interpreted again and again.

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THEODORE DRAPER

BEYOND BERLIN

Is There a New "Balance of Forces"?

THE DIFFERENCES between the Soviet Union and the United States have become increasingly intractable. One is reluctantly reminded of the agonizing situation that prevailed in Europe in 1938 or even 1939. More than one survivor of the 1930's has been struck by the startling resemblance between the conflict over Danzig and that over Berlin. Even some of the same words have come back to haunt us. The Soviets want to make West Berlin into a "free city"; the last "free city" was Danzig—hardly an auspicious precedent. In the spring of 1939, a notorious French appeaser, Marcel Déat, wrote a then scandalous article, *"Mourir pour Dantzig?"* Why should Frenchmen die for a faraway city that was one of the First World War's most abnormal legacies? Four months later, war broke out. It is impossible today to think of Déat's article as anything but a historical curiosity; serious students hardly bother to dispute whether the war was fought over Danzig, except possibly as the symbolic expression of a larger conflict. And yet, change a few names and details, and Déat's article could be—and virtually is being—written today as a contemporary document on our own dilemma.

The central issue posed by Danzig yesterday and Berlin today is the relationship of limited and unlimited aims in the policy of expansionist and apocalyptic powers. Nazi Germany pursued limited and unlimited aims simultaneously, and this conjunction was intrinsically responsible for the transition from appeasement to war. Limited aims can be negotiated, but how is it possible to negotiate unlimited aims? To be sure, no power proposes to negotiate unlimited aims, but when it has them, it presents its limited aims in such a way that they set in motion a train of events of unlimited extension. Limited aims simply become unlimited aims on the installment plan. Thus piecemeal appeasement cannot be practiced to the bitter end without falling over into full-scale collaboration, and a thin but decisive line separates the true appeasers from the true collaborators. At some point, the appeaser must draw back, even if too late, in disillusionment; the collaborators are appeasers without end.

It is not necessary to equate Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia to recognize that, in this respect, they present us with similar problems. *Mourir pour Berlin?* has the same ominous implications

THEODORE DRAPER here contributes the fifth in our series of articles advancing different points of view on the key problems of foreign policy in the new circumstances of the 60's. (Previous contributions were made by Hans J. Morgenthau in February; H. Stuart Hughes in March; Denis Healey in May; and Robert A. Nisbet in September.) Mr. Draper has been working on a history of the American Communist party, of which two volumes, *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia*, have so far appeared. Recently he has devoted a good deal of attention to the Cuban revolution, and his two articles on this subject (originally published in *Encounter* earlier this year) have attracted worldwide notice.

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today that *Mourir pour Dantzig?* had twenty-two years ago. Now, as then, we must ask ourselves: Does the Soviet Union also pursue limited and unlimited aims? Is the Soviet Union appeasable? What are the limits of appeasement? And when does one cross over into collaboration?

ONE'S UNDERSTANDING of Soviet aims depends to some extent on which Soviet documents one reads. In the Soviet messages primarily directed at the non-Communist world, such as the Khrushchev Prize interviews granted to journalists, some things never appear. But in other documents, primarily intended for the Communist world, some things always appear.

I have chosen three of the fundamental declarations of the second type which have emanated from Moscow in the past year. They are the "Statement of the 81 Communist Parties" of December 5, 1960; the exceptionally important speech by Nikita Khrushchev of January 6, 1961; and the "Draft Program of the Soviet Communist Party" of July 1961. They are much too long and complex for justice to be done to them here, but I wish to point out some basic ideas in all of them that I believe cast light on the deeper springs of Soviet policy and action.

The keynote was struck in the Statement of the 81 Communist Parties last December. Again and again it proclaimed that the world had entered a "new stage" in which the "balance of forces" had changed in favor of the Soviet system. This idea was expressed in various ways: "the superiority of the forces of socialism over those of imperialism," "the world socialist system is becoming the decisive factor in the development of society," "today it is the world socialist system and the forces fighting against imperialism, for a socialist transformation of society, that determine the main content, main trend, and main features of the historical development of society," "an increasing change in the balance of forces in favor of socialism," and "the superiority of the forces of socialism, peace, and democracy is becoming increasingly obvious." Some of these expressions are vague and general, some precise and concrete, but the former take on new meaning in terms of the latter and other statements of the same kind.

Khrushchev's speech of January 6 was, in effect, an extended commentary on the Statement of the 81 Parties. The speech advised Communists, in a manner that might benefit everyone else, to grasp the connection between the theoretical and practical aspects of the "new stage": "The question of the character of the era is by no means an abstract or a narrow theoretical question. The general strategic line and tactics of world Communism, of each Communist Party, are closely related to it."

Khrushchev divided the period since the October 1917 Revolution in Russia into two stages. The first had lasted as long as the Communist system was confined to the Soviet Union. The second had begun with the expansion of the Communist system outside the Soviet Union. That expansion, he explained, had reached a point at which "the balance of forces in the world arena [has] undergone radical changes in favor of socialism," or as he put it in another passage, "the ever-increasing change in the correlation of forces to the advantage of socialism."

The Draft Program of the Soviet Communist Party presented last July contained the characteristic themes of the Khrushchev "era." A world war could be averted, it said, but this possibility was linked to "the growing superiority of the socialist forces over the forces of imperialism." War in general, and especially a thermonuclear war, must be prevented, but a certain type of war, "liberation wars against imperialism," was encouraged. "Peaceful coexistence" was acclaimed, but it was also characterized as "a specific form of class struggle." Socialism could be ushered in without civil

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war or armed violence, but a "non-peaceful transition to socialism" could not be ruled out.

II

IN THE ABSTRACT, of course, the Communists have always held that history was working in their favor. But the present stress on the new "balance of forces" is not meant to be understood abstractly. The new balance, according to Khrushchev, has already come into existence, politically, economically, and militarily. Khrushchev himself made the distinction between the old saying that "history was working for socialism" and a new one that "socialism is working for history."

In the final analysis, however, the crucial test of Khrushchev's thesis is military in nature. For all the importance of political and economic factors, the Soviet Union could not afford to take real risks without sheer military superiority. As long as the military balance was admittedly unfavorable, Soviet policy aimed essentially at splitting potential enemies to prevent the formation of an international anti-Soviet coalition. The German-Soviet treaty at Rapallo in 1922, the Franco-Soviet Pact of 1935, and the German-Soviet Pact of 1939, were high points of the policy, which prevailed as long as Stalin lived.

In the present phase, however, the Soviet leadership feels strong enough to defy and intimidate the entire non-Soviet world. It still treats the United States with the respect befitting a strong enemy, but for the once great powers of Europe, which it formerly sought to play off against each other, it barely troubles to conceal its contempt. The new stage fundamentally derives from Soviet progress in nuclear weapons, a development which has made Khrushchev, in many respects, far more aggressive and adventurist than Stalin ever was.

The new Soviet rocket diplomacy was tried out for the first time during the Suez crisis in 1956 by Khrushchev's immediate predecessor, N. A. Bulganin. His threat to intervene, however, seemed belated and unnecessary in view of the more-than-enough pressure put on Britain and France by the United States. Nevertheless, by now, the incident has been magnified by Khrushchev into the first major triumph of the new Soviet policy. In his January 6 speech, Khrushchev gloated: "The Soviet government's stark warning to Eden and Guy Mollet stopped the war," and, "We interfered and stopped their aggression." The failure of the United States to intervene in the Indochinese war was put in the same category by Khrushchev.

Far more representative of the new period, however, is Khrushchev's own intervention in the Cuban crisis in 1960. In July of that year, after the United States had cut the Cuban sugar quota and the Castro regime had retaliated with a decree foreshadowing the expropriation of all United States property in Cuba, Khrushchev seized the occasion to announce that, "figuratively speaking, in case of necessity, Soviet artillery men can support the Cuban people with their rocket fire" if the United States attacked Cuba. The Cuban leaders proceeded to exploit this threat for all it was worth. Che Guevara declared: "Cuba is today a glorious island in the center of the Caribbean, defended by the rockets of the greatest military power in history." In October 1960, Khrushchev seemed to tone down the Soviet commitment by explaining to the Cuban editor, Carlos Franqui, that it had been "really symbolic." But Franqui refused to be satisfied and insisted: "If the threat does exist, if this threat is carried out, are rockets adequately prepared?" To which Khrushchev replied: "Unquestionably. You have it right." He ended by expressing the hope that the Soviets would not have to use their rockets. But Guevara returned to the charge in January of this year: "It is well known that the Soviet Union and all the socialist countries are disposed to go to war to defend our sov-

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ereignty and that a tacit agreement has been established between our peoples."

Since then, rocket threats, real or implied, have become a staple of Khrushchev's diplomatic conversation. He has entertained the British Ambassador in Moscow with information of just how many nuclear bombs it would take to destroy England. The Italian Premier has been regaled in much the same way. After listening to Khrushchev at a Soviet-Rumanian friendship meeting in Moscow on August 11, the Moscow correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* observed: "This notion of the present power of the USSR, which has changed the relationship of forces in the world, visibly obsesses M. Khrushchev" (*Le Figaro,* August 12–13, 1961). Six days later, after the wall sealing off East Germany had been erected, Walter Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader, exulted that the act "had demonstrated to the world the actual power relationship in Germany." And no one has ever accused Ulbricht of originality.

III

Soviet policy always confronts us with the problem of linking the limited and unlimited, the concrete and the abstract, the immediate tactic and the long-range strategy. The Soviet leaders themselves link them only with the greatest difficulty, and not always successfully. The problem is, of course, even more difficult for outsiders, but at least we must think in these terms if we are to think about Communist policy as the Communists themselves think.

At the present moment, Soviet policy expresses itself in all these ways, some apparently lending themselves to one interpretation, some to another. There is the proposal to make West Berlin into a "free city," or at least free of Western troops and protection. There is the demand for the recognition of the East German Communist regime. There is the renewal of nuclear tests and reiteration of more or less thinly veiled nuclear threats. There is the concept of the "new stage" in which the "balance of forces" has changed in favor of the Communists. There is Soviet propaganda on behalf of "peaceful coexistence." And there is the Chinese Communist emphasis on war which seems to make the Soviet Communists the more "moderate" and "peaceful" wing of world Communism.

Is it possible to fit these elements into a coherent pattern? There is one school of thought which creates a pattern by a process of elimination. It considers some Soviet statements, especially the more aggressive and expansionist, to be "ritualistic" and, therefore, of no practical significance. It interprets "peaceful coexistence" as if the Soviets had unconditionally decided to renounce the use of force. It attributes major importance to the theoretical dispute between the Russian and Chinese Communists on the relation of war and revolution, and construes it to mean that the Chinese stand for an aggressive, the Russians for a non-aggressive, Communist tendency.

Without going into the danger of wishful thinking in relegating the more aggressive Soviet expressions to the realm of "ritual," there can be no doubt that the basic concept of the "new stage," on which Soviet policy now admittedly rests, has nothing remotely ritualistic about it. The proposition that the "balance of forces" has changed in favor of Communism represents a distinctly new departure in the Soviet assessment of the world situation. It has begun to turn up regularly in fundamental Soviet documents because the Soviet leaders wish to hammer it into the heads of their followers as well as their foes. Indeed, judging from the Soviets' past willingness to resort to force when necessary, one might make a stronger case for the ritualistic character of the Soviets' "peace-loving" protestations. But that would be too easy a retort, because there is a sense, I believe, in which Soviet policy is both "aggressive" and "non-aggressive," "pro-war" and "anti-war."

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Of all Soviet propaganda slogans in recent years, "peaceful coexistence" has undoubtedly been the most successful. Who could be against it without opening himself up to the charge of being an imperialist madman and reactionary warmonger? Yet the slogan has always suffered from an inherent contradiction which the Soviets have never attempted to resolve. The operative word is "coexistence," not "peaceful," because coexistence today must be peaceful or not at all. But before two parties can agree to each other's coexistence, they must first be reconciled to each other's continued *existence*. And this is precisely what the Soviet leadership will not or cannot accept. Indeed, it professes to be certain that the "complete triumph" of Communism is closer than ever before, and it makes no secret of its determination to accelerate the inevitable. At best, then, "peaceful coexistence" means that the Soviets intend to put an end to rival social orders by peaceful means if possible and to coexist with them only as long as necessary. The slogan is, if anything, a description of the present, not a prescription for the future. This is a very different matter from what "peaceful coexistence" seems to suggest, and the formula derives its effectiveness from the way it permits the Soviets to have their cake and eat it, too.

We thus come back in another form to the seemingly "aggressive" and "nonaggressive," the "pro-war" and "anti-war" character of Soviet policy in the "new stage." I put these words in quotation marks because they are relatively meaningless or misleading by themselves; they enjoy no independent existence but are rather alternative means to a larger end which may be achieved one way or the other.

Altogether too much has been made, therefore, of the so-called ideological difference between the Soviet and Chinese Communist leaderships. We know from experience that struggles for power within Communist movements must take ideological forms; if there were no ideological differences, they would have to be invented. This is just as true of struggles between national movements as it is true of struggles within these movements. With or without ideological differences, the Soviet and Chinese Communist leaderships could be expected to agree on spheres of influence only with the greatest difficulty. The Soviets have never accepted the concept of spheres of influence within the Communist world. As the Statement of the 81 Parties puts it, "the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has been, and remains, the universally recognized vanguard of the world Communist movement, being the most experienced and steeled contingent of the international Communist movement," and there is no room in these words, upon which the Soviets undoubtedly insisted, for dividing the Communist world into a Chinese sphere in the East and a Soviet sphere in the West. The Chinese would unquestionably be satisfied, for the present, with such an arrangement, but in view of Soviet unwillingness, they have invaded the West as far as the Albanian and other Communist movements to show that two can play at the same game. If ideological differences were the only ones at stake, they could be patched up with relative ease, but it is the struggle for power within the Communist world—for two "vanguards" instead of one—that has envenomed them.

I am not impressed by the determining character of the ideological dispute because it is so abstract in character and so far removed from the everyday realities of Soviet and Chinese Communist policies. The Soviets are not necessarily conciliatory because they profess to believe in "peaceful coexistence," and the Chinese are not necessarily incorrigible because they scoff at it. Both are conciliatory and incorrigible as the opportunity offers and their interests dictate. The notion that the ideological dispute over "peaceful coexistence" makes the Soviets "peace-loving" and the Chinese "war-like" is an oversimplification that verges on political innocence.

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WHAT, THEN, is the Sino-Soviet ideological dispute about? The answer takes us close to the heart of the "Berlin crisis," the renewal of nuclear testing, the message of the most important Soviet documents in the past year, and all the rest. The missing link is not hard to find, because it is a prerequisite of Soviet strategy that it should not be kept a secret.

For the Soviet leaders, and most of all Nikita Khrushchev, have been trying to pound into us the belief that we have entered a "new stage" of history in which the odds have turned against us. Why fight? Why resist? "Of course," said Khrushchev in his speech of January 6, "as yet we are unable to completely exclude the possibility of wars, for the imperialist states exist. However, the unleashing of wars has become a much more complicated business for the imperialists than it was before the emergence of the mighty socialist camp. Imperialists can unleash a war, but they must think hard about the consequences." So it is Khrushchev's business to remind us unceasingly and in the most forceful ways of the consequences.

This is the purpose of the legend that, as far back as 1956, the Soviet Union was strong enough to issue a "stark warning" to Britain and France, and, forthwith, they capitulated. It is the purpose of the legend that the Soviets were responsible for a similar victory in North Vietnam. It is the primary purpose of all the stark warnings that have issued from Moscow in connection with the Berlin crisis. If warnings do not suffice, nuclear tests are even more instructive. And if the non-Communist world learns the lesson that Khrushchev is trying to teach it, it will always behave in the way that Khrushchev says it behaved during the Suez and Indochinese crises—*it will capitulate*. I am not now concerned with the merits of these cases, but only with Khrushchev's use of them.

The essential difference on war and peace between the Russian and Chinese Communists, then, boils down to different estimates of the practical possibilities. The Chinese, who do not have a nuclear bomb and have not been able to achieve their aims in Formosa despite some rather forceful efforts, see no reason why they should spread illusions about "the peaceful road to socialism" or expect Western capitulation. The Soviets, who possess nuclear bombs and have far more successfully pursued a short-of-war policy, can afford to be, or appear to be, more optimistic. The Soviet leaders are not less aggressive than the Chinese, but they have more reason to believe that they can achieve their ends not by war but by the threat of war, not by "devastating blows" but by the threat of devastating blows, not by nuclear bombs but by the threat of nuclear bombs. Since the Soviet leaders have by no means excluded the possibility that the threat will not be enough, the purely doctrinal debate would surely be muffled or even hushed up, if other more practical and material considerations of power were not involved.*

Despite the intensity and sometimes the longevity of some Communist factional struggles, it is remarkable how often the victor, once firmly established, has taken over the position formerly identified with the loser. The present archetype of Soviet aggressiveness, Stalin, came into power a paragon of moderation, and "socialism in one country" was once considered the betrayal of all expansion of the Soviet system outside Russia. The "non-aggressive" Khrushchev is just as much a fable as the non-aggressive Stalin used to be; there was more than one Stalin, depending on circumstances and opportunities, and

* This is the reason why the usual arguments for keeping Red China out of the United Nations strike me as so unconvincing. They invariably stress the aggressive deeds and designs of the Chinese and thereby give the other Communist—and non-Communist—powers a relatively clean bill of health or set up a special standard of virtue for the Chinese alone. The more persuasive arguments are practical, not political, and they relate to the "balance of forces."

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there is more than one Khrushchev, for the same reasons. There has also been and will continue to be more than one Mao, whose internal difficulties now seem to be swaying him to appear to be more sweetly reasonable in his foreign relations.

IV

NEGOTIATING WITH a power which has limited aims is the traditional function of diplomacy, but negotiating with a power which has unlimited as well as limited aims is an infinitely more difficult and thankless task. It is this duality of Soviet policy which makes the present "Berlin crisis" and all other such tests of strength and wars of nerve so extraordinarily tortuous and treacherous. The limited aims themselves vary enormously in scope, from the sealing off of East Germany to stop the flow of refugees into West Berlin and West Germany, to the *de facto* or diplomatic recognition of the East German Communist regime, to the permanent partition of Germany by formal adoption of the Soviet thesis of the "two German states." Yet the Soviets have tied all three together in the Berlin knot.

The first of these aims was relatively easy to accomplish; it merely required a wall of concrete blocks which the Western powers protested against but had no intention of penetrating. The second is more difficult inasmuch as it requires the cooperation of the United States to make it an accomplished fact. To make the United States somewhat more cooperative, the Soviets have applied pressure at this point—the threat that a separate Soviet "peace treaty" with East Germany would cut off access to Berlin to be reestablished only through negotiation and agreement with the East German regime. And the last aim entails such potential danger that the Soviets would like to take out a political insurance policy before going through with it.

For, if history teaches us anything, it is that a nation like Germany cannot be permanently divided without retribution. The price may be paid in the next generation, not in this, but it will be paid. In an age when the most artificial congeries of tribes demand and obtain national recognition, it is folly to imagine that a historic nation in the heart of Europe can be split up indefinitely.* I am not suggesting that, in the present conflict of interests or state of public opinion in the East and West, the reunification of Germany can or should be put on the order of the day; I am convinced, however, that there is only one thing worse than the present unnatural division, and that is to make it any worse than it is. The Soviet leaders well know that they are playing with fire, and they are determined, therefore, to take out an insurance policy by making the West accomplices in the deed. In the long run, of course, the Soviets have no intention of confronting the German people as the historic enemies of their national unity; the day the whole of Germany shows signs of moving into the Communist camp, the Soviet Union will unquestionably emerge as the noisiest and crassest defender of German national unity.

This wide assortment of "limited" aims gives the Soviet leaders plenty of room to bargain and to maneuver. Beyond any or all of them, however, is the Soviet determination to hold on to the initiative in world affairs and to set such forces in motion that one Soviet advance leads to another, one Western retreat to another. If all the Soviet demands were accepted tomorrow, nothing would be "normalized," nothing "regularized." If the arrangement really guaranteed "free access" to West Berlin, it would continue to threaten

* The declaration of the recent Belgrade conference of so-called nonaligned nations stated: "All nations have the right of unity, self-determination and independence by virtue of which right they can determine their political status and freely pursue their economic, social and cultural developments without intimidation or hindrance." But the only country to which this principle was applied was—Cuba!

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the East German regime as an outpost of freedom and refuge from totalitarianism; and if the arrangement proved to be illusory, the gradual asphyxiation of West Berlin would afflict the West with a trauma of guilt and shame far more dangerous in its ultimate effect than the present predicament. If the West recognizes Ulbricht's regime, it will not make life in East Germany any easier or sweeter; it will merely make Ulbricht more arrogant and insufferable. If the West conducts negotiations with Ulbricht—that most servile, shameless, and bankrupt of the old German Stalinists—we may be sure that the process of arriving at an interpretation of "free access" to West Berlin that does not disturb the interests and sensibilities of the East German rulers will be most painful. At every disputed point, the West will face the choice of capitulating or returning to the crisis atmosphere—and the wiseacres will not be slow to point out that, once having decided to negotiate, the West should have realized that it "could not have its own way." If Germany is permanently dismembered now, the operation will have to be carried out by the Soviet Union and the United States without a semblance of consent by the German people who will have something to say about it sooner or later. Anyone who thinks that it is possible to recognize the East German Communist regime under duress, be forced into a compact for the permanent dismemberment of Germany, remove West Berlin as an embarrassment to the East German regime, without whetting the Soviet appetite for more, is living in a fool's paradise.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the entire issue has been distorted and confused by making it appear to be exclusively or predominantly related to West Berlin. In reality, the Soviets are using West Berlin as a back door to impose their ultimate will on Germany as a whole, or as small change to obtain a vastly strengthened position in Germany as a whole. They are attempting to subordinate the fate of Germany to that of Berlin or at least to use this bargaining technique. However abnormal or irregular the present status of Berlin may be, the fact remains that it cannot be normalized or regularized unless the fate of Berlin is subordinated to that of Germany. And if the world is not yet ready to face openly and honestly the German problem, it should not prejudice the case by dealing with it in this backdoors, shamefaced fashion, or above all delude itself that it is settling or solving anything of substance.

V

THE SOVIETS have driven so hard and so far since the end of World War II that they think—or they consider it politic to think—that they have come in sight of total victory by "peaceful," piecemeal submission to their demands. The victory they envisage can only be a victory by capitulation, and it is for this reason that Khrushchev could say in his January 6 speech that "the slogan of the struggle for peace appears as a companion of the slogan of the struggle for Communism."

Ironically, the latest battle cry of some nuclear pacifists, "Better red than dead," contains a little more truth than poetry. Those who think in these terms have already lost the power of decision. They can only throw themselves at the mercy of the biggest nuclear power or the one that makes the biggest threats—or perhaps the one most likely to carry them out. It is, of course, far from clear that the military balance is actually as one-sided as the Soviets would like us to believe; more likely, the Soviets are ahead in some fields, the United States in others; and the most responsible Western military opinion still firmly believes that, on balance, the Western alliance enjoys a decided military advantage. The Soviets can claim an advantage in the "balance of forces" not because they have nuclear weapons and the West does not have them, but because they are willing to use their "nu-

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clear deterrent" against the West in a way that the West has not been willing to use against them.

Thus it is most significant that the slogan is not "Better red-white-and-blue than dead" or "Better anything than dead." Why, if both the Soviet Union and the United States are equally capable of mass destruction, should the choice be limited to "red" and "dead"? What would have been the reaction if Eisenhower had intimated in 1956 that the Hungarian rebels could count on the support of American rockets as Khrushchev intimated in 1960 that the Castro regime could count on Soviet rockets? In fact, what would happen if the President of the United States (1) called in the Polish, Czech, and Rumanian ambassadors, and told them how many nuclear bombs would be necessary to level their countries to the ground, ancient monuments included; (2) designated these three countries as "hostages"; (3) announced the active support of "liberation wars against Communism"; and (4) promised to give nuclear protection to any rebellion against Communist rule?

I think it is clear that we are not dealing here with a genuinely pacifist position; it is rather a form of pseudo-pacifism that is politically motivated by the appeasement of one side—Soviet Russia. But the appeasement of a power with unlimited aims is never enough, and these pacifists have already taken the long step toward collaboration. The moral and political tension in "Better red than dead" is so hard to maintain that it is always in danger of falling over into the shorter version, "Better red."

All this, however, is not only politically one-sided; it is also, to a large extent, politically irrelevant. In the existing state of Western society, some may be prepared to surrender in advance, but the decisive majority is not. The real option, therefore, is simply and nakedly, "alive or dead," not "red or dead." And this embraces everyone, including the reds, whom it deprives of any special advantage.

BUT AS LONG as the Soviets base their policy on a supposedly advantageous "balance of forces," they are bound to be tempted by the prospect of progressive Western capitulation, with incalculable, unthinkable consequences for the future of mankind. As long as the dread of these consequences emboldens the Soviets and unnerves the West, the "balance of forces," whatever it may be objectively, tilts in favor of the Soviets subjectively. As long as the West does not find a way to demonstrate that the Soviets are wrong about their "balance of forces," the equilibrium will not be restored. And without a new equilibrium, a new starting point is unlikely to emerge.

The problem is, of course, far more difficult to solve than to state. Yet one of our greatest hazards is that we are not yet agreed on the nature of the problem. Of one thing we may be sure: however difficult and delicate it may be today, it will be far more dangerous and costly tomorrow. The Soviet stress on the "balance of forces" is relatively recent; we are still in the exploratory, probing phase of the "new stage." One of the factors being explored and probed most incisively is our own frame of mind. Objectively, the balance has hardly changed as much as the Soviets say it has. In any case, something more than words is needed to convince us. The Berlin crisis is, above all, an object lesson to provide the skeptical with a living demonstration of how the allegedly changed "balance of forces" operates. In effect, we are being invited to confirm the latest Soviet dictum. We have only begun to hear about it, but a few more practical demonstrations and it will become the incessant drum beat of Soviet propaganda. That will be the moment of supreme peril. We are not yet there, but a major change in the heart of Europe could easily get us there.

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HARRIS DIENSTFREY

THE SUCCESS OF INGMAR BERGMAN

TWO FACTS DEFINE the phenomenon of Ingmar Bergman: the twenty-one films he has made since 1945 (he wrote fourteen himself, of which eleven were original screenplays), and the striking popularity he has commanded since 1957 in the United States. Bergman makes "art" films, a term used by movie-goers and critics alike more or less to set apart those films which emphasize the texture of things from those which emphasize plot; and Bergman may well be the first art-film director whose name has the public resonance of a film star's, and whose work is not only approved by the large general movie audience, but by people who ordinarily are not interested in films at all.

Bergman is a skilled craftsman who fashions his pictures with great care. Of the two films he made in 1957, the one which tells the story of an old man looking over his life, *Wild Strawberries,* is woven through with surrealistic dream-memories; while the other, the story of three expectant mothers in a hospital, *Brink of Life,* is told with straightforward naturalism. But such a careful fit of form to story has not always equalled excellence of course, and the quality of the pictures has varied no less than the style.

What has remained consistent in these films, however, is Bergman's stern vision. His characters do not face economic privation or repressive social conditions or extraordinary psychic maladjustments, yet many of them long for death, or attempt or actually commit suicide. Their lives seem enervating, their world is unrelievedly harsh, and the business of living from day to day is a terrifying one. Bergman sees individual isolation as the bedrock experience of every human being.

In his last five films (beginning with *The Seventh Seal*), Bergman has deliberately sought to "universalize" this vision. Where his films once portrayed men, now they portray Man; where they once observed, now they argue. The change might be called a shift in genres—from the "documentary" to the "parable." His characters continue to smart under the isolation imposed by life. Their struggle is still the struggle to connect. But in these later films, the context is no longer a given time and a given place, but, so to speak, the whole of man's history.

Three Strange Loves was the first of Bergman's films to be shown in the United States. It offers with clinical exactitude a single day (clearly meant to be typical) in an exhausting and abnormally painful marriage; both husband and wife work almost continuously on each other's emotions and with abrasive effects. For the most part, the film has the fascination of a case study, though like most case studies it does not seem to speak with much relevance about any but the extremely disordered. But I want to discuss it here be-

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cause, although it was made in 1949, *Three Strange Loves* contains practically all of the themes with which Bergman has been so obsessively concerned throughout his career, and its characters and even some of its physical types reappear in his films again and again.

For a relatively minor but intriguing example: Bergman has a clear, if not entirely understandable, repulsion for mustached men; he seems to take these small growths of hair to be a sign of the most unwholesome vanity. To see a mustache in a Bergman film is to know that the man wearing it will not be lightly treated. In *Three Strange Loves,* the bearer in question (a secondary character whose upper lip, attitudes, and some of whose remarks are reproduced almost exactly by one of the main characters in *Smiles of a Summer Night*) is a married man with whom the wife of the film's central couple had had an adolescent affair several years before her own marriage. In the course of the affair, she had become pregnant, but her lover, out of selfishness and cowardice, had forced her to abort the baby. As a consequence, she can no longer have children, which is one of the reasons she is very much like a spiteful child herself.

In Bergman's world, birth is the holy of holies; it is *the* act of human creativity and love. *Three Strange Loves* never asks whether this particular girl might have made a good mother; or whether the man, despite his selfishness, might not have been justified in forcing the abortion. She has been deprived of the largest meaning and purpose her life can have—this is the crucial fact and the unforgivable outrage.

Second to Bergman's celebration of giving birth is his celebration of art. The wife had been a ballerina during her adolescence, and except for the early stages of her affair, these days as a dancer were the only other time she had ever been happy. But now she has hurt her leg. We are never told whether the injury is real or imaginary, physical or mental; it does not matter. All that matters is that she can no longer dance. Without her art she is doubly sterile.

Her husband is far from being sympathetic to her condition. A bookkeeper with a bookkeeper's habits, he counts pennies and hugs order; and he treats his wife with a disdainful lack of seriousness, as one might treat an incorrigible child. At night, however, he dreams of putting a stop to her "endless chattering" by rising from his bed to smash her head in. And precisely at this moment, the tone of *Three Strange Loves* is suddenly transformed; we are no longer observing, but learning; we are at Bergman's moment of truth. Wakened by his dream, the husband clutches his wife anxiously. He explains—as perhaps he does every night—that the hell they share, their life together, is far better than the hell of being alone.

Such a pronouncement, of course, hardly penetrates the knot of need and desire that holds the marriage in *Three Strange Loves* together; and as a statement about life, it seems neither true nor false, only rhetorical. But it is Bergman's answer, the essential salvation offered by all his films, and there is no doubt that he intends it most seriously. With the death of another minor character (the husband's former mistress who was left with no one), the film underscores the consequences of being alone; the woman drowns herself.

Thematically, only a small turn of the screw separates this film from *The Seventh Seal*—which Bergman made in 1956, seven years later. The "togetherness" that he sees here sustaining life is replaced in *The Seventh Seal* by love. But the essential meaning of the two films is exactly the same. Just as the solitary woman in *Three Strange Loves* must die because she is solitary, so, in *The Seventh Seal,* unloving men and women must die because they do not love.

BERGMAN DIRECTED ten films between *Three Strange Loves* and *The Seventh Seal* and among them are his two best pictures, *The Naked Night* (1953)

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and *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955). *The Naked Night* contains the first example of the charlatan-artists who have since come to play so large a role in Bergman's films. Here it is a ringmaster (and owner) of a circus, in *The Seventh Seal* a juggler, in *The Magician* a mesmerist: all of them belong to groups of traveling entertainers. With these men, Bergman has jumped from the world of high art—the world of ballerinas, say—down to the world of "popular culture," where success depends upon the crowd, and the fake often merges with the real. The ringmaster, the juggler, and the mesmerist are all half charlatans, but they are artists as well, representing, obviously enough, something of Bergman himself. "I am really a conjurer," he writes in the introduction to the recent collection of four of his screenplays:* "I have worked it out that if I see a film which has a running time of one hour, I sit through twenty-seven minutes of complete darkness. . . . I use an apparatus . . . with which I can sway my audience in a highly emotional manner. . . . I am either an imposter or, when the audience is willing to be taken in, a conjurer."

A grotesque and stunning fantasy-flashback—a microcosm of the entire film—that looks, quite literally, like a Mack Sennet two-reel comedy, occurs soon after *The Naked Night* begins. On a beach lined with soldiers who sport the uniforms and the florid mustaches of the Keystone Cops, the wife of the circus clown performs a strip tease. The sun is blazing, and the film itself looks bleached and faded. The only sound one hears is raucous circus music blaring in the background. The soldiers are laughing, but the laughter is noiseless, and the shooting of their cannons can only be seen. The clown comes for his wife, but he still wears the makeup and the costume of his trade; and dressed thus he carries her away, nude, over his shoulder. The entire seashore seems to roar with the laughter of the soldiers and with the sound of their cannons—as if the whole horrifying episode had simply been an ordinary circus act.

ONE ACHIEVEMENT of *The Naked Night* is that the rest of the film does not seem anti-climactic. The owner of the circus has returned to the small town in which, some years before, he had left his wife and child. He has grown tired of the circus life, it has exhausted him, and he longs to be taken back into the home he once deserted. In the course of the single day that the film spans, he is lectured to by a theater director on the relative, unequal merits of their different "arts"; he is rejected by his wife at the very moment his mistress is being unfaithful; he is viciously beaten—during the evening performance of the circus, before the townspeople—by the man who seduced his mistress; and he fails, after all his humiliations, in an attempt to kill himself. He does not have the will or the courage to commit suicide; or, perhaps, he is not as defeated as he imagines. The wagons set out for the next town; he falls in silently behind them, and his mistress timidly comes to walk by his side.

The Naked Night is a film at once sad and bawdy and cruel. Bergman has put it together with a relaxed, almost lush ease that is untypical of his work. He does not seem ridden by his thesis, and can take the time just to watch the exaggerated, hip-swaying strut of the circus owner's mistress. The work she does in the circus—she is its classic *femme fatale,* the bareback rider—as well as the supposed artistry of her seducer—he is an extremely melodramatic stage actor—represent the satirical counterpoint of the film. And when the film is done, it has offered no precepts for living. Good men and bad alike, wise and foolish, all live within the same world, suffer the same agonies, and win or lose their

* *Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman: Smiles of a Summer Night, The Seventh Seal, Wild Strawberries, The Magician.* Translated by Lars Malmstrom and David Kushner (Simon and Schuster, 330 pp., $6.00).

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individual battles according to no single rule. Yet if they simply stay alive, each of them will earn a prize: the same tattered dignity.

Smiles of a Summer Night, on the other hand, is a charming and witty film, done with grace and verve; and it allows Bergman's eye for the pompous and self-deceiving to focus on eight men and women whom he sets in motion exchanging partners. More important here, though, is the fact that *Smiles* is the last of the three comedies Bergman made after *The Naked Night,* and it immediately preceded the first of his "parables," *The Seventh Seal.* It is from these comedies that Bergman learned how to create the characters which people his most recent films.

THE TRICK OF the comedies lies in having characters who are as articulate as intellectuals, but whose self-knowledge happens to be false. The male protagonists of *Smiles,* for example, are always inflating the most characteristic trait of their respective professions into whole ways of life: the lawyer his Dignity, the officer-aristocrat Honor, the minister Righteousness. They invariably justify emotional reactions with professionally appropriate epigrams. "I can tolerate my wife's infidelity," the officer cries to his wife the morning after he has found his mistress with another man, "but if anyone touches my mistress, I become a tiger." (He is the mustached man first seen in *Three Strange Loves.*) Later he spies his wife going off with someone else, and he wildly expounds a slightly modified principle to his mistress: "I can tolerate someone dallying with my mistress, but if anyone touches my wife, then I become a tiger." When self-knowledge no longer is false—and so a form of self-delusion—but is, quite simply, accurate, then we enter the world of Bergman's parables.

The subject of these parables is nothing less than the good life. In *The Seventh Seal,* an anguished knight has just returned from ten years of fighting the Crusades, and he is presented from the beginning of the film as a kind of everyman. "My life has been a futile pursuit, a wandering, a great deal of talk without meaning. I feel no bitterness or self-reproach because the lives of most people are very much like this." He longs now for certitude. "Is it so cruelly inconceivable," he asks, "to grasp God with the senses?" The knight's squire, who has traveled these ten years beside him, has no such desire; he is a simpler man, a proto-positivist in the grip of "scientific" cynicism. "I could have given you an herb to purge you of your worries about eternity." And when Death comes for him, the squire's last bravado pronouncement is, indeed, an exaltation of materialism. "Feel the immense triumph of this last minute when you can still roll your eyes and move your toes." But Death also takes the knight. The differences between the two men, it turns out, were less significant than their similarities: their lovelessness, their detachment, their rationalism.

Death by-passes only one group in the film, a family of traveling players: Joseph, a juggler, his wife, Mary, and their young son, Michael—who Joseph hopes will some day perform "the one impossible trick": "to make one of the balls stand absolutely still in the air." These three are, obviously, the Holy Family; they have both love and art; and they do not reason about life but experience it with spirit and enjoyment. They embody Bergman's alternative to the knight's futility, the same alternative offered by other of his parables.

Thus, in *Wild Strawberries* (which Bergman made in 1957, a year after *The Seventh Seal*), the main character, Isak Borg, by choosing to detach himself from his fellow men and commit himself to science, experiences a life-in-death—until he is transformed by love. And so the mesmerist in *The Magician* (made a year later), through the love of his wife and his own devotion to art, finally triumphs.

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All three films end with parallel scenes: their victorious heroes bathed in the bright warmth of a peaceful sun.

Visually, *The Seventh Seal* is a *tour de force;* nothing else by Bergman—except, perhaps, the early flashback in *The Naked Night*—can compare with it. From the first shot—of a gull hanging motionless against a sky densely covered with clouds, both the sky and the bird seeming to hover over some doomed and wasted land—it is at once stunning and graceful to watch. And in such scenes as the one showing a group of religious flagellants suffering the agonies of their penitence, or that of a young girl who is convinced she has seen the devil and waits to be burned at the stake, or the one of a man dying of the plague, the film can be brutally compelling.

But if the best thing about *The Seventh Seal* is its visual quality, the worst thing in *Wild Strawberries* are the scenes which are meant to be the most exciting visually, the surrealistic dream fantasies of Isak Borg. In *Wild Strawberries,* it is Borg, the main character, who represents the film's strength. Borg is an egoist, cold and unforgiving, withdrawn and intellectually condescending. The following is said by his wife—in the only scene in which she appears—after she has committed adultery.

> Now I will go home and tell this to Isak and I know exactly what he'll say: Poor little girl, how I pity you. As if he were God himself. And then I'll cry and say: Do you really feel pity for me? and he'll say: I feel infinitely sorry for you. . . . And then he'll say: You shouldn't ask forgiveness from me. . . . And then he'll suddenly be very tender and I'll yell at him that he's not really sane and that such hypocritical nobility is sickening. . . . And then I'll say that it's his fault that I am the way I am, and then he'll look very sad and will say that he's to blame.

It can hardly be accidental—for a writer-director as deliberate and as conscious as Bergman—that Borg's initials should be the same as his own; beginning with a demonic psychiatrist in *Three Strange Loves,* all of his films contain at least one coldly aloof egoist. Borg is their apotheosis, the kind of man Bergman does indeed seem to know best.

Compared with *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries, The Magician* is badly paced: the camera lingers painstakingly on backgrounds, scenes last longer, the photography is more ostentatious. (In *The Virgin Spring,* made in 1959, the pace becomes even slower.) But after a murky opening of forests, dying actors, castles, witches, and so forth, *The Magician* begins to turn comic, and ends with an almost slapstick reversal that marvelously turns the film on its head, as if Bergman at some point had decided that it should really be a joke on the audience. The mesmerist, now destitute, humiliated before his troupe, his audience, and his wife, suddenly receives a request to play a command performance; the rain pummeling his coach stops; and in the happiest of happy endings, this ostensible charlatan becomes the artist who is finally triumphant.

WHATEVER their individual merits, these films clearly and deliberately mean to illuminate basics: the life-giving creativity of art and love; the death of feeling and soul which must follow in their absence; earthly salvation and earthly hell. Here Bergman's answers, far from being divulged in a last-minute rhetorical flourish as in his earlier work, provide, in effect, the plot of the films; they determine the characters and control all their behavior. The perspective of these films is turned not so much on the actions of particular people as on the good life itself—of the Holy Family, that is, or, in *Wild Strawberries,* of Borg's pregnant daughter-in-law, or, in *The Magician,* of the mesmerist and his wife.

The difficulty remains that it is a very arbitrarily vindicated "good life." The bad guys die in *The Seventh Seal* according to

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a logic that is no stronger—for all of Bergman's intellectuality—than the logic which controls the outcome of an ordinary Western. Those who love, live. But it is only Bergman's fiat that saves them; they do not earn it themselves. So, similarly, it is through Bergman's manipulation that success comes to the mesmerist; and it is by his will that Borg's character changes—permanently, we are given to understand—at the end of *Wild Strawberries*.

Bergman's vision is not only arbitrary; there is something fundamentally unreal about it. The answer Bergman gives to the questions he himself poses is, in effect, the Holy Family—which is made up of a husband who is a man-child, a juggler-artist, an innocent with second sight; a wife who is a composite mother-lover-protector shouldering all the burdens of everyday living; and a baby son who never cries. But these are dream characters; no one would take them to be anything else. They are fictions of the mind, and everything that Bergman asks is simply avoided in the answer they represent. The knight has watched a girl burn at the stake; she believes she has seen the devil. What will the Holy Family say to this? "It is always better when one is two," Mary tells the knight. She may be right, but it makes little difference in a world that burns witches. And in such a world—the one most of us in fact live in—the sudden rush of feeling that finally wells up in Isak Borg would simply ebb away, and in not a very long time he would be left the cruel, cold man *Wild Strawberries* tells us he always was; in such a world the mesmerist of *The Magician* most probably would be destitute a month after his command performance. *The Naked Night* could deal with this world, but not these later films. The vision of life which created them is graced by a remarkable pictorial talent, and by a perceptive comic imagination; but these are not enough to sustain it. And in the end it depends on too many impossible tricks to be believable.

II

THERE IS, OF COURSE, a kind of magic about Bergman's films. Whatever his camera sees, it beautifies. The unclassical and rough faces of ordinary men and women become lovely and strong; even flagellants take on a cruel visual beauty. And just as the camera finds loveliness in the ordinary, so the films find ultimate meaning in the most typical of feelings. The sufferings of Bergman's characters are not meant to be at all extraordinary; they are the result, almost, of breathing. "The lives of most people are very much like this," the knight explains.

Even so, one might have supposed that Bergman's determined intellectuality would have cut him off from any large audience. But audiences seem to respond to the aura of tough-mindedness that the intellectuality of the dialogue gives to the films and respond as well to the quality of seriousness that it gives to Bergman's vision. And perhaps the ambiguity of many of Bergman's symbols only adds to a general impression of "deepness."

What is more important in understanding the success of these films in America, however, is the popularity of their main theme: love as the be-all and end-all. Any number of recent popular successes have driven their ailing characters into the soothing toils of love—and to love-in-the-family—there to solve the problems of business, of personal identity, even of religious belief. To know precisely the reason why may be tantamount to understanding much of American experience. Is it that Americans are a people who cannot handle conflict? (Might love—and pragmatism—be two ways of avoiding it?) Or is it that love is so thoroughly democratic, standing as it does beyond no man's means? Whatever the reason, it seems clear that the popularity accorded those who love love and the family is now being accorded to Bergman, who brings to this love of love—a hope really for everything

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that is better in life—all the distinction and status art films can confer.

Bergman's "love" is particularly intriguing because it is so bitterly anti-male and anti-sex. The juggler lives when other men die, and the mesmerist holds a greater truth than that of his denigrators; yet they are both children, both innocents: both would be lost without the protection and love of their wives. (The mesmerist does not even earn his command performance through his own talents; typically enough in Bergman, the wife of the mesmerist had once impressed a member of the royal court sufficiently to win this favor from him.) Ever since *The Naked Night,* art in Bergman has become the province of men, but only because they are capable of the intolerable egotism that art demands —as women are not. When men are not children (that is to say, not artists) but men in fact (that is to say, self-sufficient), they can cause only misery. Despite all the talk of sex in Bergman's films, despite all the lovely women in them, they do not depict a single joyous sexual encounter, nor one that has any happy consequences. Birth is holy to Bergman, but the business of impregnation is not—his sexual double standard in a phrase.

How much or how little this attitude has to do with Bergman's popularity is difficult to say. The demand in the films for something like a community of love is certainly more explicit. Yet the main source of Bergman's popularity, I think, lies neither in his "male-baiting" nor in his idea of salvation, but in the type of life and the kind of person he portrays.

BEHAVIOR FOR Bergman is forged in the heat of inner needs. A scene in *Wild Strawberries* puts this very plainly. Borg's daughter-in-law has just told her husband, Evald, that she is pregnant. He demands that she choose between him and the child: "This life disgusts me and I don't think that I need a responsibility which will force me to exist another day longer than I want to." She tells him he is "wrong." Evald's reply does more than defend his own statement; it explains the behavior of Bergman's characters from *Three Strange Loves* on: "There is nothing which can be called right or wrong. One functions according to one's needs; you can read that in an elementary-school textbook." In his introduction to *Four Screenplays,* Bergman lists the various influences upon his work—Strindberg, the middle-class home against which he rebelled, individual film directors; he concludes with the mention of one thinker. "Philosophically, there is a book which was a tremendous experience for me: Eiono Kaila's *Psychology of the Personality.* His thesis that man lives strictly according to his needs—negative and positive—was shattering to me, but terribly true. And I build on this ground."

One consequence of this belief is the total absence in Bergman's films of any social order. His characters live in some eternal place, not in particular societies. In *Three Strange Loves,* which takes place soon after the Second World War, the young couple see a great crowd of hungry children imploring some train passengers for food. But the children are Bergman's creation, not the war's, and they are meant to symbolize the couple's barren love, nothing else. Or to see how little the knight of *The Seventh Seal* is a product of medieval society, one need only note how effortlessly his torment is taken to represent the torment of modern man. Here, as in all of his films, Bergman has created individuals who live in a social vacuum. They are affected and conditioned only by inner needs which are both universal and eternal, and exactly the same in the Middle Ages as in the 20th century. I have said that Bergman's films contain neither the socially oppressed nor the politically revolutionary; more important, they do not contain either the possibility for such people or even any need of them. They offer a world, instead, of men and women who might do whatever they want, but because of a terrible restlessness and

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a profound confusion do not know what to do. This is the world David Riesman has defined by its crowds, and J. K. Galbraith by its affluence, and it is to the actual inhabitants of this world, I would argue, that Bergman speaks.

The college-educated, the younger members of the middle class, the men and women who know more Freud than they do Marx, who often feel themselves isolated and who find their behavior charged by emotions which are not fully explicable and yet cannot be put to rest: Bergman is their film-maker. In the characters who dominate his films—the knight, Borg, the mesmerist, all lost and driven—he has caught a profound self-image of this audience. The tremulous questions his characters ask are the questions that lie unarticulated within it, just as the eventual goal they achieve expresses something of this audience's largest hopes. Bergman is popular in this country because he speaks to and for those well-behaved Americans, both guilty and hostile, who try to hold in their emotions and ride with their enervation as politely and as quietly as they can, and who find in the images of a triumphant still moment in the sun, a great longing of their provisional, curiously disquieted, unfulfilled lives.

* * *

I want to add a final observation. To admirers as well as critics, Bergman's name has become a red flag of sorts. For example, one critic has compared *Wild Strawberries* to *Remembrance of Things Past,* and while other Bergman admirers do not resort to so specific a comparison, they agree with its import: that Bergman's presence signifies the indisputable arrival of the film as an "art form." At the same time, Bergman has also been put down as a guilt-ridden Protestant with a bag of unoriginal movie tricks, and friends of this judgment, though they usually avoid its nastiness, agree with its implication: that film still has a long way to go. These and similar pronouncements are all addressed to the old argument of whether or not film—which is to say, really, movies in general—can be taken seriously and not merely as a sociological bellwether. But is this question—to which all discussions of Bergman refer in one way or another—a meaningful one? I doubt if it is. The truth seems to be rather that Bergman's popularity and the widespread discussion of his films are only the most obvious signs of a larger and more general phenomenon: the increasing relevance and force films have in portraying the way we live today. The important question concerning film now is not whether it speaks significantly but, indeed, whether, as a medium, it does not speak more significantly than fiction. But this is a question that arises out of the work of American film-makers—such as Irving Kershner and Nicholas Ray—as much as it arises out of the work of Bergman. And to it, then, an analysis of Bergman alone provides no answer.

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C. PETER MAGRATH

"NINE DELIBERATIVE BODIES"

A Profile of the Warren Court

IN HIS UNDELIVERED Godkin Lectures, published posthumously in 1955 under the title *The Supreme Court in the American System of Government,* Justice Robert H. Jackson commented that the United States Supreme Court "functions less as one deliberative body than as nine." What Jackson meant was that the nine Justices, overburdened with work, were drastically limited in the time they could spend in formal conference, deliberating over argued cases. As a result, he explained, each Justice works "largely in isolation except as he chooses to seek consultation with others. These working methods tend to cultivate a highly individualistic rather than a group viewpoint." Jackson personally deplored judicial individuality insofar as it led to the filing of a growing number of dissents. Today it has become apparent that the Supreme Court not only *functions* as nine deliberative bodies, but that it *is* nine tribunals in one: an aggregation of nine appellate judges bound together only in the formal sense that, in most instances, at least five of them must agree on a particular result.

That this would come to pass, though clearly foreshadowed long before 1955, was not then as evident as it is now. Only two years earlier, California's Governor, Earl Warren, had become Chief Justice amid the hopes of many that he would bring unity to the nation's highest court. At first it seemed as if Warren, an immensely popular politician, blessed with considerable intelligence and a genial personality, might succeed. The landmark decision in the controversial school segregation case of 1954 was unanimous; all nine Justices united in Warren's opinion. During the next two years the Justices struck out boldly in a number of other controversial areas, with seemingly a fair amount of unanimity. Reversing the timid and restrained course which had characterized the previous Vinson Court, the Warren Court acquired an almost overnight reputation as a guardian of civil liberties. In a rapid series of decisions, it held that state anti-sedition laws had been superseded by the federal Smith Act (thereby ending prosecution of an acknowledged Communist leader); that the federal government's loyalty-security program did not extend to non-sensitive employees; that alleged criminals, on trial for violations of federal law, had a right to consult the confidential reports which formed part of the prosecution's case; that Congressional investigating committees might operate only in fulfillment of a legislative purpose and had to inform witnesses carefully of the relevance of questions they were being

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asked; that the Smith Act did not forbid mere theoretical advocacy of the violent overthrow of the United States government; and that New Hampshire, in a widely publicized case, had unjustly convicted a socialist who refused to cooperate with the state Attorney General's investigation of subversive activities. Other decisions gave broad scope to the protections of the Fifth Amendment and made clear the Court's insistence on high standards of procedural fairness in criminal trials, both in federal and state courts.

As a matter of actual fact, the early Warren Court was scarcely a model of unity, though in contrast to the current pattern of 5-to-4 rulings, many of the early decisions did command respectable majorities of six or seven judges. Moreover, while the results seemed clear enough (e.g., the freeing of a Communist party leader or the reinstatement of a dismissed security risk), the grounds for decision were really quite narrow and exceedingly complex. Nevertheless, the total effect of the decisions was to create a fairly sharp image of a libertarian Court helping to draw the curtains on the McCarthy era.

Hostile reactions of groups alienated by the Court's sudden activity contributed to the "clarity" of this image. Southern racists and professional patriots, as well as sincere advocates of a rigorous loyalty-security program and state or local officials concerned with law enforcement, all raised an uproar reminiscent of New Deal attacks on the pre-1937 Court. A manifesto signed by virtually all Southern Congressmen denied the legality of the school segregation decision; Congress came within a few votes of reversing some of the offending loyalty-security rulings; the 1958 Conference of State Chief Justices censured the Supreme Court for failing to exercise sufficient self-restraint; and the American Bar Association passed a report endorsing Congressional revision of decisions which it pronounced "unsound."

Although the pseudo-conspirators of the John Birch Society propose to save the Republic by impeaching Chief Justice Warren, and Southern politicians are still getting political mileage out of ringing denunciations of the Court, the worst of the furor has obviously passed—possibly because it has, indeed, had some effect. The Warren Court, which in 1956 and 1957 seemed determined to wield a civil liberties sword at every opportunity, has since used the sword sparingly. Negroes pressing claims to political and legal equality continue to fare well, but even in this area judicial discord is more apparent than before. For example, two rulings made last spring found discrimination to be unconstitutional in interstate commerce and in the operation of a restaurant located in a state-controlled parking authority, but some of the Justices dissented on the ground that the constitutional questions were not properly before the Court. Equally noteworthy is the fact that the Court has yet to pass on the legality of the pro-segregation pupil placement laws which form the bulwark of the so-called moderate Southern resistance to the school integration decrees.

IT IS, HOWEVER, a series of cases raising loyalty-security questions and decided during the past three years which chronicle the Court's current "chaos" and its newfound caution—a caution that happens not to be shared by Chief Justice Warren and Justices Black, Douglas, and Brennan, its outspoken dissenters. Five-to-four votes have decided that the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) can investigate subversion in the field of education, that it can use Congress' contempt power against uncooperative witnesses, and that it is not barred from interrogating those who oppose its existence. Similar divisions sustained New Hampshire's power to punish the pacifist, Dr. Willard Uphaus, for his refusal to cooperate with the state's loyalty-investigating committee, and sustained California's right to dismiss summarily an employee who refused to answer certain questions

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put to him by HUAC. Finally, in two long-litigated cases of major importance decided last term by the familiar 5-to-4 breakdown, the majority sustained the registration requirements of the Subversive Activities Control Act as applied to the Communist party, and also the clause of the Smith Act punishing active membership in organizations that advocate violent overthrow of the government.

While these decisions have served to mute external criticism of the Court—Congress, significantly, is no longer agitated over the issue of reversing its decisions—the Justices themselves have become increasingly divided and critical of each other. As late as 1936, at the height of the Court's resistance to Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal and at a time when the old conservative majority was in sharp and obvious conflict with the minority of Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo, only one case in four failed to be decided by a unanimous nine-man majority. Today, dissent has become so common that it is the unanimously decided case which attracts comment. Of 124 opinions given in the 1960–61 term, only one out of five enlisted the unqualified support of all nine judges; twenty-eight cases were decided by a bare majority of 5-to-4.

STATISTICS ALONE cannot convey the extent of internal division. Almost all of last term's really significant decisions—not only those involving loyalty-security questions—spawned a brood of majority, concurring, and dissenting opinions. The cases testing the constitutionality of the Sunday blue laws that exist in various states resulted in six differing positions which took 127 pages to explain. The twin cases involving the relationship of members to compulsory unions and to bar associations which spend dues for political purposes divided the Justices so badly that they failed to reach a clear-cut decision. One Justice, Hugo Black, was led to confess that "I do not believe that either the bench, the bar, or the litigants will know what has been decided in this case—certainly I do not."

Not surprisingly, these internal divisions are reflected in strained relations among the Court's members. Even the most casual observer soon notices that "the brethren" are indeed typical of a large family: constantly squabbling and often very, very angry. To be sure, friction among the nine individualistic men forced into close and constant contact is neither unusual nor recent. In the post-Civil War period Justice Stephen J. Field, stubborn, self-righteous, and quick to take offense, was a perpetual trial to his more easygoing associates. During the 1920's and 1930's, Justice McReynolds, an unabashed anti-Semite, refused to observe even the minimum courtesies toward Justice Brandeis. But what is unusual today is the frequency of cases in which the Justices trade bitter, sometimes sarcastic, charges. Majority decisions are dismissed by the dissenters as sure to cause "increasing bewilderment" in lower courts and are denounced for relying upon "unheard of" jurisprudential rules, "penurious" legal tests, and "specious" reasoning.

Such dissents can sting, provoking intense ill-feeling. Twice last spring, within four weeks, Chief Justice Warren took public exception to some extemporaneous dissenting remarks made by Justice Frankfurter during the Court's semi-monthly announcement of decisions. Piqued at one 5-to-4 ruling, which overturned the death sentence of a man whom three separate juries had convicted, Frankfurter accused the majority of indefensibly "plucking out" a harmless prosecutor's error from the trial record and suggested that judges are apt to find in the record "what the mind is looking for." In an impromptu—and quite extraordinary—rebuttal, the Chief Justice charged Frankfurter with "degrading the Court."

Yet, as already suggested, Warren himself and Justices Black, Douglas, and Brennan, who commonly stand together as the Court's ultra-libertarian wing,

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rarely shrink from using hyperbole and innuendo when they are forced to dissent. Recording their displeasure with Court decisions which upheld the investigatory powers of HUAC as well as the constitutionality of laws regulating the Communist party and requiring the licensing of motion pictures, they have accused the majority of adopting constitutional doctrines which are "steadily sacrificing individual freedom of religion, speech, press, assembly and petition to governmental control" and which "legalize" guilt by association by borrowing "from the totalitarian philosophy."

BEHIND THESE STRIDENT words and chronic disagreements lie some fundamental philosophical cleavages; though found in the opinions of all nine judges, they are most clearly revealed in the contrasting judicial work of Justices Black and Frankfurter, the Warren Court's intellectual leaders. This contrast is the theme of an excellent little book recently written by Wallace Mendelson, *Justices Black and Frankfurter: Conflict in the Court.** Black emerges from this study as an unreconstructed New Deal idealist who favors the unrestrained use of judicial power to further the values he cherishes: racial equality, freedom of speech and of political association, and economic security for all. At the center of his constitutional universe stands the individual and, with a tenacity born of deep conviction, Justice Black is determined he shall be free—whether those who would impose restraints are Congressional investigating committees, inquisitive state Attorney Generals, or trade unions that spend membership dues for political purposes.

Justice Frankfurter, on the other hand, is a pragmatist, an introspective judge acutely conscious of the limitations of judicial power. On occasion he will sanction the use of the Court's authority to safeguard individual rights, but his general position is one of self-restraint. Frankfurter is essentially a majoritarian, a man who believes that the democratic process must be given its head. The Court, he insists, is neither qualified to block the policy choices of a political majority—be it a legislative decision to establish a social security program or to investigate political disloyalty—nor would it be desirable were it able to do so. Furthermore, he attaches great importance to the fact that the American system of government is federal; he reaches decisions by a tortured route that leads him to worry the proper role of a judiciary in a democracy and to examine carefully the relationship between federal and state power.

A 1959 obscenity case illustrates the judicial and philosophical conflict between the two men; it emphasizes as well how easily the Warren Court splinters into opposing factions when faced with tough questions. Los Angeles passed an ordinance making it unlawful for a bookstore proprietor to stock "any obscene or indecent" writings. Eleazar Smith, a bookseller, was convicted of violating the ordinance by having in his possession a book found upon judicial investigation to be obscene. In the decision of the Supreme Court, Justice Brennan, speaking for four of his associates, reversed the conviction because the ordinance made booksellers liable whether or not they had knowledge of a book's contents. Brennan noted that the absence of guilty knowledge does not excuse distributors of impure foods and drugs, but he declared that "the constitutional guarantees of the freedom of speech and of the press stand in the way of imposing a similar requirement on the bookseller." To do so, the majority ruled, would restrict book sales to books inspected by the dealer and thus would limit the distribution not only of obscene but also of constitutionally protected literature.

Four Justices wrote concurring opinions, but our interest here is in those of Black and Frankfurter. Unlike the rest of

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the majority, which decided the case on narrow grounds and conceded in its argument the municipality's right to censor obscene publications, Black flatly rejected the idea that the free speech guarantee of the First Amendment does not embrace obscenity. For Black there are no overriding public interests which justify even the slightest abridgement of what he defines as "speech." In words that have become his hallmark: "[The First] Amendment provides, in simple words, that 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.' I read 'no law abridging' to mean *no law abridging.*"

So absolute a command, Black argues, requires absolute implementation and therefore neither the federal government nor the states (the Court has long held that the Constitution's free speech guarantees also apply to the states) may restrain the freedom to speak and write. Any other course—that is, the Frankfurter course which currently guides the Court's decisions—leads to an undesirable case-by-case approach; it favors "court-made" law which reflects the Justices' prejudices as they react intuitively to an endless variety of particular and individual situations. (With seeming naivety, Black asks us to believe that an absolutist approach to civil liberties problems eliminates personal preferences.) Only his interpretation, Black claims, strips away the uncertainties which accompany judicial balancing of the public and private interest; such balancing, in fact, poses an unreal antithesis because the public interest requires unlimited freedom for private expression.

Contrary to Black, Frankfurter believes that certain utterances—e.g., obscene writings or seditious exhortations—are not "speech" within the meaning of the First Amendment, and thus they may not claim its protections. Explicitly rejecting his colleague's rather strained attempt to enlist Jefferson and Madison on the side of the ultra-libertarian cause, he writes that it is incorrect to attribute to these men "a doctrinaire absolutism that would bar legal restriction against obscenity as a denial of free speech." (This particular assertion prompted Black to insert into his opinion a 630-word footnote dedicated to the proposition that Jefferson and Madison "may have held the view that the concurring opinion terms 'doctrinaire absolutism.'") On the other hand, Frankfurter fully admits "the vital role of free speech" in a democracy, agreeing with the majority that booksellers would have to have guilty knowledge of the contents of their wares; there is, indeed, an important difference in the states' powers "to regulate what feeds the belly and what feeds the brain." Frankfurter's dissatisfaction with the majority opinion derives from its vagueness as to precisely what constitutes sufficient guilty knowledge. The factor of guilty knowledge, he is at pains to stress, cannot nullify the states' practical powers to regulate obscenity. Instead, he would allow those charged with violating obscenity laws to enlighten trial courts as to prevailing literary and moral community standards by the use of qualified experts. In Frankfurter's view, "contemporary standards" are the test of obscenity—there is a great difference between what was considered obscene in the 1860's as compared with the standards of the 1960's, and to deny expert testimony (as the California courts did) denies due process of law.

THIS CASE, quite apart from the intriguing questions it thrusts up in its own right, dramatizes the Black-Frankfurter conflict quite clearly. On the one side stands Justice Black, championing the cause of the underdog individual, insisting that the Constitution enshrines absolute liberties beyond all governmental control, and warning that any less firm a position inevitably leads to the destruction of democracy. The case of Eleazar Smith, he writes, puts us "on the way to national censorship," a "deadly enemy of

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freedom and progress," and encourages the Court to become "a Supreme Board of Censors." On the other side stands Justice Frankfurter, anxious lest the Court fetter the powers of government and watchful of the states' prerogatives. Convinced that in this world there are no absolutes, he sees the Court's role as one of balancing a myriad of interests. Above all, he operates under the assumption that in a democracy an oligarchical Court should exercise its powers with caution and with due regard for the popularly elected branches of government.

SUCH, AT THE RISK of oversimplification, is the nature of the intellectual conflict dividing the Warren Court. And yet, there is really nothing very new in all this. During the 1870's and 1880's, Justice Field, determined to protect corporate property from governmental regulation, authored some stinging dissents in rebuttal to a majority which took a narrow view of the judiciary's role and allowed wide scope to legislative authorities. Later, the famous triumvirate of Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone fought hard for the view (which has predominated since the New Deal upheaval of 1937) that legislatures, not courts, are the proper agencies to pass on the desirability of economic regulation. What gives the Black-Frankfurter conflict its distinctive intensity and leads the Court to divide with such unparalleled regularity are a number of underlying causes, products of American history since the beginning of World War II.

In the pre-1940 period the major issues which dominated the Court's attention revolved around a basically simple conflict: economic regulation versus no economic regulation. The New Deal conclusively settled this dispute in favor of the former, and consequently bequeathed to the Court a host of more refined, more subtle problems. It is one thing to agree that the federal government may impose minimum wages on workers engaged in interstate commerce; it is quite another to define the scope of interstate commerce, to decide, for instance, whether a window cleaner servicing a building that houses some offices whose businesses are of an interstate nature, is covered by the provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act. Many of these new complexities are also heightened by ambiguities and inconsistencies within the regulatory statutes themselves.

In addition, several factors—the rising Negro pressure for full equality, the growth of organized crime, and the loyalty-security programs bred by the cold war—have combined to produce a situation in which individual liberty problems have become the Court's main concern. These problems are by definition hard to solve, for they frequently present a clash between two values both of which, on their face, deserve constitutional protection.

How does one choose, as the modern Court has had to, between the leader of a racist organization convicted of defaming the Negro race under a group libel law *and* the state which seeks to end discrimination against a persecuted minority (freedom of speech versus the dignity of individuals); between a religious group's desire to proselytize *and* a community ordinance intended to protect homeowners from the annoyances of doorbell-ringing salesmen (freedom of speech and religion versus the right to privacy); between the interest of workingmen in effective trade unions *and* a dissident worker's unwillingness to help finance the dissemination of political views he opposes (workers' right to collective bargaining versus individual political freedom)? Similarly, how does one measure the fairness of internal security procedures (e.g., whether alleged security risks can cross-examine secret informers), or determine the extent to which traditional liberties can be curtailed in rooting out foreign-controlled subversives without sacrificing the essence of freedom?

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GIVEN THE DIFFICULT cases regularly before the Court and the underlying causes which militate against any easy conclusions, it is hardly surprising, then, to find the Warren Court wracked by concurring and dissenting opinions. Nevertheless, that the Court has become "nine deliberative bodies" disturbs many informed and not-so-informed commentators. One of the latter, *Life,* castigates the Warren Court Justices for producing an "inflated number" of separate opinions "which seem to bespeak an inflation of the judicial ego." And a writer for the Newspaper Enterprise Association suggests that 5-to-4 decisions indicate that the Justices are unsure of what they are doing; he dismisses recent opinions as "confusing" and "practically unintelligible."

These criticisms, however, are but popularized versions of prominent writings in professional law journals. Professor Philip B. Kurland of the University of Chicago Law School blames the Court for inviting the attacks of right-wing groups by creating confusion about its role: too much conflict between activists (like Black) and limitationists (like Frankfurter), he argues, gives the court an appearance of "institutional schizophrenia." From Harvard's prestigious Law School comes a lengthy indictment by Professor Henry M. Hart, Jr. This rambling critique of the Warren Court's internal procedures laments what Hart describes as the Justices' habit of turning dissents into personal position papers. "Relatively minor questions," he says, "which the Court as an institution ought to be capable of resolving provoke disagreement. . . . Opinions often have the air rather of a debating contest than of a joint and impersonal effort to explore and illumine the issues."

Other variants of these criticisms exist, but they tend to make the same points:

(1) the proliferation of dissents puzzles the public, which thus cannot understand the meaning of Court decisions;

(2) in consequence, the Court's image as "Voice of the Law" is weakened and its influence reduced ("disunity cancels the impact of monolithic solidarity on which the authority of a bench of judges so largely depends," as one critic put it);

(3) similarly, a steady diet of concurring and dissenting opinions reveals uncertainty in our law. In the words of Professor Carl B. Swisher, an eminent political historian, there is a deplorable lack of "evidence of that settledness and tendency toward uniformity of attitude which we might desire with respect to our body of constitutional law and its foremost institutional interpreter."

These friendly critics—although outspoken, all are sympathetic with the Court's difficulties—prescribe a remedy of institutional self-restraint. Like the proverbial English civil servant, their ideal Supreme Court Justice would have a passion for anonymity. One line of thought, led by Professor Hart, suggests that the Justices limit the number of cases which they hear, in order to allow more time for the "maturing" of "collective thought," thereby reducing the frequency of frivolous dissent and improving the craftsmanship of opinions. A second, related, suggestion is that the Justices take a postgraduate course in humility and willingly limit their dissenting opinions to really "important" disagreements. In other words, by an act of collective will the Justices, who in deciding some of our society's most difficult problems have shown themselves to be in sharp conflict, are to take the pledge—swearing, if not complete at least partial, abstinence from the heady intoxicant of dissent.

But however well intentioned, the friendly critics are unlikely to succeed in their campaign to direct the Supreme Court onto a path labeled "public understanding," "unity of the Justices," and "uniformity of law." For one thing, the general public knows little and cares less about the Court. Its interest is of a most sporadic kind and focuses

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only on the actual results—not on the judicial craftsmanship that went into them and not on the number of concurrences and dissents. Undoubtedly the two most newsworthy rulings of the last decade were the steel seizure case of 1951, which ordered President Truman to return the nation's steel mills back to their private owners, and the school segregation case of 1954, which declared the illegality of state-supported racial segregation. In neither case did the craftsmanship of the accompanying opinions or the extent of intra-Court agreement make any difference to that amorphous deity, public opinion. Prior to the steel seizure ruling, David Lawrence's *U. S. News & World Report,* which certainly speaks for one segment of public opinion, spent weeks venting its anger at Truman's seizure. (A typical feature article was entitled "Can U. S. Have a Dictator?") That the 6-to-3 decision against the seizure came from a badly divided tribunal which issued six separate opinions on the majority side alone did not seem to bother Lawrence. Bold black type hailed the decision as meaning: "NO 'STRONG MAN' FOR U. S. Any Would-Be Dictator Must Answer to Courts." Apart from academicians, no one had much to say about the Court's fragmentation.

By contrast, the school segregation ruling, a 9-to-0 decision, has proven to be one of the most controversial in history. White Southerners have not been impressed by this unanimity, and the knowledge most Americans have of the case is simply that the Court has held segregation to be illegal. I doubt very much whether concurring or dissenting opinions would have changed public reception of the decision; those who find its result distasteful have had no difficulty in framing their own "dissenting" opinions.

BEYOND the public's unconcern with the proliferation of dissents, it seems futile to seek unanimity on the Supreme Court on other, more significant grounds. After all, to suggest as I have that the Court has become nine deliberative bodies because it faces subtle and troublesome questions about the rights of individuals is another way of saying that American society in general provides no consensus on a large variety of matters: the proper place of labor unions, the extent of Negro rights, the effect of a loyalty-security program on democratic liberties, or the relationship of religion to the state. While the Court simply stands divided on most of these issues, it might be well to recall that Congress is so totally paralyzed by rival pressures that it cannot act to end school segregation or pass a much needed law to regulate wiretapping. Its Rules Committee, deadlocked by the religious issue, is unable to report a school bill, and only after the greatest acrimony was the national legislature able to enact the 1959 Landrum-Griffin Bill imposing new curbs on trade unions. Similar conflicts exist within the administration, and, at bottom, throughout our society.

The Supreme Court functions as a political institution as much as a court of law, and its members are as representative of American life as are Congressmen and bureaucrats; it would be surprising indeed not to find the Justices in conflict over their judicial-political policies. Each one is truly his own deliberative body—appointed for life, responsible only to his conscience, and free to decide in the way he believes most appropriate—and the remarkable aspect of the Justices' activity is the success they achieve in being a vital agency of American government. They help reconcile an 18th-century, agrarian-oriented Constitution to the needs of a thermonuclear age; break logjams that paralyze other branches of government; provide individuals with a final forum to vindicate their constitutional rights; and draw the ever shifting line between national and state powers. None of these functions is impaired by the Court's being, in reality, nine deliberative bodies.

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ALTHOUGH FRIENDLY critics of the Warren Court such as Hart, Swisher, and Kurland would stoutly deny it, to long for a Court that shuns dissent and speaks with unifying authority is to popularize a view more at home with the mechanical jurisprudence of the last century (judges "discover" and impartially apply a stable law) than with the understanding of realistic jurisprudence, which stresses the pragmatic nature of the law and the judge's role as a political decision-maker intimately related to his social and political environment. Put more bluntly, those who carp at the Warren Court's fragmentation still worship—consciously or not—a priestly Supreme Court which is supposed to perform an oracular function.

There are, however, positive reasons why the proliferation of concurring and dissenting opinions is to be welcomed. The Court, it is well to remember, is an oligarchic institution, a potentially nondemocratic excrescence on the American political scene. Through the development of a meaningful tradition of self-restraint —based in good part on the historical lesson that the Justices cannot long defy the explicit desires of Congress and President —it has been possible to reconcile the Court to a system of constitutional democracy. It remains, nevertheless, relatively immune from the day-to-day workings of the democratic process.

Long ago, Thomas Jefferson unsuccessfully demanded that the Supreme Court be made more compatible with popular government by requiring the Justices to state their individual views on cases. Each judge should "throw himself in every case on God and his country; both will excuse him for error and value him for honesty." Jefferson believed this practice, known as delivering opinions *seriatim,* to be more open, more attuned to a democracy, than the alternative of minimizing differences in favor of a single opinion. A century and a half later the Warren Court has in effect adopted the technique so warmly endorsed by the Sage of Monticello.

Jefferson's motives were mixed. *Seriatim* delivery had been commor prior to 1801 when his arch political foe, the forceful John Marshall, became Chief Justice and persuaded his associates to unite, whenever possible, behind one opinion. (Anxious to build the Court into a check upon the rising tide of Jeffersonian Republicanism, Marshall was probably right in believing that unanimity would aid his goals; the Court of the early 1800's was a weak institution whose position as an agency of government was far from established.) In attacking unanimous opinions Jefferson was attacking Marshall. But whatever his motives, *seriatim* delivery—with its emphasis on conflict and a full airing of disputes—*is* more in harmony with democratic ideals. Justice Frankfurter summed up the argument for it in the recent cases upholding the legality of Sunday blue laws, when, opening a special concurring opinion, he explained: "So deeply do the issues raised by these cases cut that it is not surprising that no one opinion can wholly express the view even of all members of the Court who join in its result. . . . Such expression of differences of view or even in emphasis converging toward the same result makes for the clarity of candor and thereby enhances the authority of the judicial process."

Most important, a diversity of opinions, though at times confusing and messy like the democratic process itself, dispels the old illusion that the Supreme Court is somehow apart from other agencies of government. For judicial disunity and heterogeneity reveal the Justices as they really are, mirrors of our social conflicts and instruments of political adjustment. And this, surely, is the more desirable alternative in a democracy: better nine deliberative bodies, clearly seen, than the myth of one disembodied tribunal mysteriously above the sweaty crowd.

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DAN JACOBSON

THE EXAMPLE OF LIPI LIPPMANN

A Story

IN LYNDHURST, if a Gentile spoke enviously to a Jew about how rich the Jews of Lyndhurst were, how clever they were, how well they did in business, the reply was often made, "Well, it's not really true about all the Jews. Just look at Lipi Lippmann!" No one, not even the biggest anti-Semite in the world, could say that Lipi Lippmann was rich or clever or did well in business.

Lipi Lippmann once said that the Jews of Lyndhurst should pay him to remain poor, his poverty was so useful in arguments. But the joke was received in silence; it was felt to be in bad taste. The Jews of Lyndhurst were ready to use Lipi Lippmann's poverty to propitiate an envious Gentile, but they were ashamed of him nevertheless; ashamed of his old Ford lorry, laden with fruit and vegetables, going from door to door; ashamed that Lipi was the only white man who bickered among the colored and Indian hawkers at dawn in the market place. Every other Jew in town was a licensed wholesaler or a licensed hotelkeeper, a licensed dentist or a licensed doctor; but Lipi Lippmann had remained nothing but a licensed hawker. And his only son, Nathan, was nothing but a licensed radio operator in the South African Airways, who still did not earn enough to support his aging father. What a ridiculous job Nathan's seemed to be, anyway, for a son of Lipi Lippmann! "How's the airman?" people sometimes asked Lipi patronizingly, when they saw him; and Lipi looked up at the sky, wrinkling his brow, and said, "He's fine, still up in the air." In fact, Nathan had been in the ground staff for a long time, but Lipi did not know this, for he and Nathan wrote to each other so seldom. Lipi himself had never flown in an airplane; he never listened to the radio either.

Lipi was a small man, with the head of a large one: his cheekbones were strong and prominent, his nose was bony and arched, his eyes were set wide apart. He was a widower, and lived by himself in a tiny single-storied house in one of the oldest suburbs of Lyndhurst. Around Lipi's house were houses as small and as shabby as his own, with the same high *stoeps* in front, and the same iron roofs above. In the back yards behind the houses there lived troops of raucous African servants who, with their dirty bare feet and torn clothes, were as different from the trim, white-overalled servants in the wealthier suburbs as the employers in the one district were from those in the other. All Lipi's neighbors in the street were Afrikaner railwaymen or mine workers, and their children sometimes shouted *"Koelie-Jood"* after him—*Koelie* being

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an insulting term for an Indian, and thus being a disdainful way of referring to Lipi's trade. But the mothers of these children always waited for Lipi to return home at the end of the afternoon, when they bought from him at cut-prices the softened carrots and moulting cabbages he had been unable to sell elsewhere. Then the children also came round, and asked Lipi if he had any *ertjies* for them. And often enough Lipi would produce a handful of pea-pods which were no longer green, but gray and pale brown or white, and distribute them among the clamoring children. When they had dispersed, he would pack the empty crates neatly together in the back of the van, tie them down with rope, and go into his house.

Nobody followed him inside it. Once inside, he took off his hat, collar, and tie (he always wore rather stiff detachable collars, even in the fiercest heat), and washed himself in the small, smelly bathroom. His "girl"—a withered Basuto woman whose grandchildren played about in the back yard—served him his supper. Soup, meat and vegetables, and stewed fruit followed one another in unvarying succession, while Lipi slowly read the paper from front to back. After supper he sat on his *stoep*, with the light burning above him, listening to the street noises and the shunting of trains in the distance. He never sat up late. Saturday was his busiest day, so he went to synagogue only on the high festivals; but he always went to the evening meetings of the local Zionist society. At these meetings he sat in the front row, listening intently and nodding his large head, almost like a man at prayer, to every word that was said.

THAT NOD was Lipi's characteristic gesture; it seemed to be a gesture of profound acquiescence, of acceptance; yet it never brought to an end the debate he appeared to be having with himself. He nodded at Zionist meetings, he nodded when he drove his lorry, when he bargained with the housewives, when he sat alone on his *stoep*. And he nodded in the same way when he came home from work one day and found that while he had been away and the girl had been paying her regular afternoon visit to a friend in the back yard of a nearby house, someone had broken into his house and robbed him of everything that could be put into a trunk and carried out of the house. Almost all his clothes were gone, including his best *shul*-going suit; so was the money-box in which he kept the few pounds he earned one day and laid out for stock the next day. The thief or thieves had also taken the single bottle of whiskey Lipi kept hidden in his wardrobe; an old gold fob-watch and chain he had bought on the occasion of his marriage, and which he had not worn for years; two silver napkin-rings, with his own and his wife's initials engraved upon them; a couple of tablecloths. Someone, it was clear, had been unable to believe that Lipi was as poor as he had appeared to be; someone must have had the fantasy that Lipi was a miser, and had been hoarding money and valuables over the years. Whoever it was —a black man or a white one—was no doubt disillusioned now; and he had left the marks of what looked like rage in the splintered drawers thrown upon the floor, the razor-rents in the armchair in the front room and the mattress in the bedroom, the wanton destruction of the basin in the bathroom.

Because the basin was smashed, Lipi went into the kitchen and washed himself carefully at the sink, and then, in his shirt-sleeves, came into the front room of the house. All day it had been hot; now, with the sun hanging low in the west, the heat seemed to have a settled, brooding quality, quite different in its intensity from the morning's direct glare, or the throb of noon. The windows of the room were wide open, but no breeze came in through them; it was as warm indoors as it was outside. Lipi stood in the middle of the room, staring at the drawers of the sideboard upside down on the floor, and the

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hideous lumps of blue and white stuffing protruding from the ripped armchair. A strange, cracked sound came from his breast; this sharp noise was followed by a sigh, as if something broken inside him sought to knit itself together again. He hunched his shoulders higher and went to the window. His shoulders shook, and again he uttered that abrupt sound, which was again followed by the faint complaining wheeze.

Lipi was laughing. When his girl came back she found him standing at the window, looking across the *stoep* and garden into the bit of street beyond. Seeing the wreckage in the room and the blood on Lipi's knuckles, she thought he had been in a fight with the intruders; and Lipi could not explain to her how he had laughed and bitten at his own knuckles, laughed and bitten at himself, like a madman, with the smashed room behind him.

It was the girl who went running to the neighbors with the news, and the neighbors who telephoned the police. The police found Lipi standing alone in the room. While one man in the police squad went around looking for fingerprints, the other, perturbed by the fixity of Lipi's expression and the sudden jerky nods of his head, tried to get him to sit down. But Lipi would not move; he did not seem to know what the man wanted of him. Readily enough, however, when the policemen asked him to make a statement, he began to detail what had been taken from him. There was his best suit, and the other clothes; his gold watch and the bottle of whiskey; there was his money-box.

"Money-box?" the policeman interrupted. "What kind of money-box? How much was in it? Where did you keep it?"

"How much was in it?" Lipi repeated. He laughed loudly, and his eyes stared forward without expression, looking beyond the policeman. "A fortune, what do you think? The work of a lifetime was in the money-box. Isn't that enough? Enough—enough—for what? What do I want? I want to go to *Eretz Yisroel* before I die. That's how much money there was in the money-box."

"Mr. Lippmann—"

"Yes," Lipi cried out, "put it down in your book, why not, put it down that there was money to go to *Eretz Yisroel* in the money-box, put it down. What difference does it make now?" Lipi laughed and shouted, he gnawed at his fists, he cried out that before he died he wanted to go to the Holy Land, and now he knew he never would be able to. He was a poor man, he had always been poor, but he had had one ambition, one hope; now he saw what nonsense it had always been. "I look around and see my whole life is rubbish, here it is in this room." When the policeman told him that he should get in touch with his insurance company, Lipi laughed for the last time. "Where am I insured, who insures me? It is lost, everything is lost. Put it down." Lipi began kicking at the furniture, tearing at the few strands of black and gray hair that usually lay flat on his scalp. Eventually, a doctor was called and he administered a sedative; Lipi fell asleep in the bedroom, on the torn mattress, with the wardrobe doors still hanging open and various articles the thieves had not bothered to take scattered about the floor. By that time a small curious crowd of people had gathered on the pavement outside, and the news of Lipi's loss had spread all over the neighborhood. The amount of the loss was greatly exaggerated as the story went from one servant or housewife to the next, though no single exaggeration was greater than the one that the policeman, at Lipi's bidding, had written into his book.

THE NEXT MORNING the story was in the local paper. Lipi was described as "a well-known city fruiterer and greengrocer"; his loss was estimated at "several hundred pounds, which Mr. Lippmann had been saving to fulfill his lifelong ambition of visiting the Holy Land." The police, the report added, were continuing their inquiries.

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A few days later another report appeared, in which it was stated that several leading members of the Lyndhurst Jewish community were offering a reward for information leading to the arrest of the thief or thieves; the report stated also that it had been decided that, should the money not be recovered, a fund would be established to make good Mr. Lippmann's loss, and thus enable him to fulfill his lifelong ambition of visiting the Holy Land.

For Lipi had become a hero, even something of a martyr in Lyndhurst, and especially so to the members of the Lyndhurst Jewish community. If they felt any embarrassment or shame in connection with him now, it was only because they had been ashamed of him and embarrassed by him in the past. His poverty now appeared to them noble; his ambition to visit Israel exemplary; his attempts to realize that ambition inspiring; his defeat pitiable. There was none among the well-to-do Jews of Lyndhurst who did not feel himself humbled by Lipi's humility, shamed by his self-sacrifice. When Lipi went to *shul* he was now greeted with great friendliness, even with deference; in the streets Jews and Gentiles alike stopped his lorry to express their sympathy with him and to assure him that from now on they would buy all their fruit and vegetables from him. The police continued their investigations, without success. And three months after the burglary had taken place, the paper published a photograph showing Lipi being presented with a return air ticket to Israel and a check large enough to cover his expenses during the visit. The presentation was made by half a dozen leading members of the Jewish community, among them an ex-Mayor of Lyndhurst, the local rabbi, and the chairman of the Zionist society. Many Gentiles, including some of Lipi's neighbors, it was said, had contributed to the fund.

LIPI DREAMED THAT he was in Palestine. It was a dream he very often had, and the landscape was familiar to him, though it was unlike any he had ever seen. In front of him, pale ploughed fields stretched away to a group of white houses with red-tiled roofs, in the distance; behind the houses were hills, vaguely outlined. Nothing grew from the fields, yet they were not barren; there was no sun in the sky, but the scene was evenly filled with light; no one stirred about the houses, yet Lipi knew that there were people living in them. As he had done a hundred times before, Lipi began walking toward the houses.

As always, Lipi awoke before he reached the houses. And immediately he was fully awake, in the darkness, confronting once again, with the poignance of the dream still upon him, the enormity of his lie, his crime, and its consequences. Lipi had not anticipated anything of what had happened since he had told the policeman, in a frenzy of rage and self-hatred, that the thieves had stolen from him savings he had never had. Lipi could not even remember telling the lie to the policeman; if it had not been for the report in the newspaper the next morning he would never have believed that he had in fact done so. All Lipi could remember of that afternoon when he had come back to find his house in disorder, was a stunned sense of humiliation and anger, which had not at all been directed against the strangers who had come into the house, fingered and thrown about his meager possessions, and taken those few they had thought it worth their effort to carry. Lipi's rage had been directed against himself; against his own poverty and powerlessness; against the lifetime he had spent toiling in the sun, for so little reward, for a house that ten minutes could despoil, for possessions that ten pounds could buy.

These emotions, as he lay in his bed at night, with his departure for Israel only a few days off, Lipi could remember. But what had taken place subsequently was all an absurdity, a confusion of noise, of darkness and light. His own frenzy, and the faces of the policemen, the reports in the

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newspaper and the friendliness of strangers, the rumors of the collection that was being made for him and the tense, jovial little ceremony when he had been handed his tickets and money—all these were less substantial than a dream, far less substantial than the dream he had just had of Israel. But the tickets and the money were real, and had been given to him: they were waiting for him now at the bank. (How many jokes had been made at the ceremony about the money being safe from burglars in the bank; how many about Lipi being able to teach his son to fly when he came back from the trip.) What a lifetime of work had failed to bring him a single lie had made possible; and Lipi lay in his bed and marveled at the world, and especially, of all the world, at the city of Lyndhurst. With a satisfaction that was sweeter than any he had felt since he had been a young man lying beside his wife, Lipi knew that at last, at last, he would be able to settle the problem that had for so long been a dear, familiar, secret riddle to him: he would be able to see if Israel really looked as it did to him in his dreams.

But later that same night, Lipi woke again. His own beating heart had shaken him out of sleep; his body was filled with a dread that his mind was still ignorant of. Baffled by the warm, thick darkness around him, hardly knowing who or where he was, Lipi again remembered, as when he had woken earlier, the journey he was about to make. But this time the recollection came slowly, painfully, and seemed to carry the dread with it. Was he afraid of the burglars? Did he fear that the police might find them, or that they might come forward themselves, and expose his fraud? But that was an anxiety that had visited him before, and that had never had the power to make him lose his own sense of himself. It was another fear that possessed him now, and it was as formless, impenetrable, and insistent as the darkness around him. And even when he had recognized it, the dread remained formless to Lipi, and as compelling as before. He could not believe that the landscape of his dreams would accept him, if he came to it as a liar and a fraud. It would reject him—he did not know how—it would thrust him from itself, it would disgorge him as unclean, a tainted thing.

In the morning Lipi rose and went to see the ex-Mayor, who had formally handed to him his travel tickets and money, on behalf of the Lyndhurst Jewish community. The ex-Mayor was a wholesale merchant who had inherited his business; he was twenty years younger than Lipi and twice Lipi's size; his manner was authoritative and his complexion rubicund; he wore spectacles with heavy black rims, though his eyesight was excellent without them. He had not only been Mayor of Lyndhurst for a time; he had also been the captain of the local golf club and the president of the local Red Cross Society; he was still chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and a member of the City Council; and at public meetings, and even when he was alone with his wife, he was in the habit of putting forward his own career as an illustration of the cordiality of "interfaith relations" in Lyndhurst. He received Lipi with the benevolence of a man who knows he has done well by his visitor; but his benevolence had altogether disappeared by the time Lipi had finished his confession. However, the ex-Mayor was a man of decision; and he said nothing to Lipi of his rage at the deception Lipi had practiced upon the people of Lyndhurst, or of his own personal indignation at having been shown up as a sentimental fool, or even of his anxieties about the possible effects of Lipi's confession on "interfaith relations" in Lyndhurst. Instead, he told Lipi, "Look, I want you to leave for Johannesburg at once, and wait for your plane there. You can go on the train tonight. And I don't want you to say a word of this to anyone else, do you hear? Not a word. As far as I'm concerned, this conversation never

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took place. I haven't heard you, and no one else ever will. Now go, go on, go on, I'll send my car around to pick you up tonight. Do you understand? Just go!" Only at the every end did the ex-Mayor add, with sudden ferocity, "And I wish you'd never come back!"

Bewildered, Lipi allowed himself to be hustled out of the office; he found himself on the placid sunlit pavement, his hat in his hand. Around him the people of Lyndhurst went about their business, and Lipi joined them, though he had no business to attend to. In his ears there was a voice that shrieked that everyone, everything in the world was tainted; that he had nothing to fear, for Israel was tainted too. All day he wandered about the town; he was seen standing outside the shops in the commercial district and walking down the middle of streets in residential areas far from his own; he was even seen in the African locations around the town, where people stared in amazement at the spectacle of a white man, alone and on foot, making his way between the mud and iron huts laid down in rows upon the veld. At nightfall Lipi found himself in the railway shunting yards; and there, too late, he was glimpsed by a horrified engine driver, in front of whose slowly moving locomotive Lipi threw down his body. What the engine driver most vividly remembered, what he always mentioned when he subsequently told his tale to others, was how Lipi had brought his hands to his ears, at the very moment he fell.

At the inquest it was declared that Lipi had committed suicide while the balance of his mind was disturbed. The coroner added that the death was all the more tragic in view of the efforts that had recently been made to restore to the deceased his own hopes for himself and his faith in the good will of the people around him. Lipi's funeral was enormous; and it was noted that the ex-Mayor of the town was among those who seemed most affected by grief at the graveside.

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E. F. SCHUMACHER

A HUMANISTIC GUIDE TO FOREIGN AID

ECONOMIC MISERY is something altogether different from mere poverty; it is a scandal and signifies a breakdown of the natural order, for it prevents men from being human. It is a fallacy to assume that once men are given an adequate provision of the necessities of life, the further they can go beyond that the better. But it is no fallacy to assert that adequate provision of the necessities of life is the first priority of all—a priority so high that it transcends all divisions of the human race and becomes the collective task and responsibility of the whole of mankind. Yet it seems to be precisely in this task that we tend to fail. The following notes attempt to find out why.

* * *

THE SCIENCE OF ECONOMIC development cannot be simply economics. Eugene R. Black, the president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, has rightly emphasized that "We are talking about transforming whole societies." This obviously involves issues far beyond mere economics—as the French political economist, Bertrand de Jouvenel, has pointed out—and economists have no right when discussing economic development to appraise "every form of change occurring or capable of being brought about in a society . . . solely on the grounds of its contribution to the rate of economic growth." When it is a matter of transforming whole societies and of destroying ancient traditions, it is illegitimate—even theoretically—for economists to consider that economic development is the end and that "social, psychological, moral, and political change, are means to that end." It is illegitimate and—as I shall try to demonstrate—a barrier to worthwhile progress.

It is fashionable today to treat all non-economic considerations with impatient contempt. Even Mr. de Jouvenel appears to share in the general impatience when he writes: "As it is a fact that economic growth is widely and ardently desired, the humanistic critique of economic development is doomed to futility. The best it can achieve is to create disequilibria in economic growth by intruding into a general process checks and regulations which do not change the character of the process but which bring it into disorder." I cannot believe that Mr. de Jouvenel really means this. The humanistic critique of economic development, it seems to me, is today more than ever before necessary, both in the highly developed and in the underdeveloped countries. How can it be said that such a critique must necessarily be doomed to futility or that it would bring disorder into a "general process" which is already in the greatest possible

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degree disorderly? And, if a critique is called for, is the possibility of futility a valid reason for neglecting one's duty?

IN FACT, THERE IS no "general process" which free men could not alter if a "humanistic critique" indicated to them the need for a change; that, I believe, is also the opinion of Mr. de Jouvenel when he pleads for a "sense of quality within the framework of a search for quantity." And it is obvious that such a sense of quality can be derived only from an appreciation of spiritual, moral, psychological, and political realities which cannot be treated as subservient to the aims of economics.

It is necessary to insist on these points because, as I indicated above, the neglect of non-economic realities seems to me the principal barrier to worthwhile progress in the very field of economic development with which we are concerned. The science of economics becomes the more exclusively quantitative (and thus a pure abstraction) the more rigorously it is developed. This may be useful for narrowly circumscribed tasks of analysis within a given and stable setting; but it is of extremely limited applicability and, in addition, generally misleading when the task is one of changing the setting itself. Eugene Black, at least, knows this very well. He writes:

> It is very easy to forget how exceptional, historically, are the attitudes and institutions necessary for modern economic growth. . . . Just to list a few of the requirements is to illustrate how ambitious is the task of those who would bring modern economic development to an underdeveloped country today. And how uncertain is the outcome in a society which sets out to absorb these very special institutions and attitudes! . . . Man does not come naturally by any of the attitudes and institutions necessary for economic growth; he must be driven—even to hard work—by need, or by the prospect of material gains, or somehow these attitudes must be made politically or religiously inspiring.

Here we have the authentic voice of the modern West. "He must be driven"; some hidden, or not-so-hidden, persuaders must invent political or religious slogans to make "inspiring" those attitudes which are thought to be the precondition of economic development. Here we are not told that the humanistic critique of economic development is doomed to futility because "economic growth is widely and ardently desired," but instead that men must be driven, coerced, enticed, manipulated. Does not this require a "humanistic critique"? Naturally, the resulting economic development generally proves, as Mr. Black admits, "peculiarly fickle": "even now it is creating human desires much faster than it is providing means for their gratification." And Mr. Black's verdict is that "economic development has left tragic problems in its wake in the underdeveloped world which only more economic development can solve."

Now this amounts, to say the least, to a somewhat daring prescription. Normally, when a course of action leaves in its wake "tragic problems," it seems proper to consider whether the course has been set quite correctly and not merely to call for speedier movement in the same direction. The question is not—of course *not*—whether the rich should continue to try and help the poor, or whether a fight against economic misery, wherever it is to be found, should be carried on: the question is simply whether the *type* of economic development currently pursued, and the methods of its pursuit, are the right ones. And that question is neither raised nor susceptible of being answered by Mr. Black and all the other multitude of economic technicians who talk about *driving* men to work and who stimulate desires beyond any practical possibility of satisfaction. To think that the only way to promote economic growth in the so-called underdeveloped countries is to imitate as closely as possible the current practices of the advanced countries (or perhaps to do even better by "jumping" intermediate stages),

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and to force every time-honored institution into the service of purely material aims of Western inspiration, betrays not only an astounding lack of imagination but also a truly ominous lack of awareness of the dehumanizing deformities of the modern West.

THE problem of the right *type* or *pattern* of development is so fundamental and deep that it is highly questionable whether the normal concepts of economics can be applied without tying the mind to the very pattern of living—the pattern of the advanced West—from which they have been abstracted. Mr. Black says that "words like 'savings' and 'investment,' 'efficiency' and 'productivity' are the tools of our trade, and like good artisans, we try to develop proper standards for their use." And Mr. de Jouvenel says that "there are *some* necessary conditions to *any* economic growth, such as the accumulation of capital, the acquisition of new techniques, and, above all, the capacity to conceive and to carry out new combinations of productive resources." Both statements are, of course, impregnable at the formal level. But I suggest that—not necessarily, but in actual practice—they turn the mind in the wrong direction; they produce associations of thought that lead almost inevitably to the tacit assumption that economic development is a synonym for Westernization. While it is formally true to say that economic development depends on "the accumulation of capital," on "savings" and "investment," what really matters is their material source, which is labor, and which, realistically speaking, must be primarily indigenous labor. The labor power of the indigenous populations is the great potential source of "capital," "savings," "investment," and so forth, as it is the source of income. How can it be mobilized and usefully applied?—that is the crux of the question of "savings" and "investment." When indigenous labor power is directly applied to the creation of durable consumers' goods like houses, or to capital goods like roads, land improvements, implements, and the like, then "savings" and "investment" come in one act, without any of the monetary associations which these terms normally produce.

Or take Mr. Black's concepts of "efficiency" and "productivity," or Mr. de Jouvenel's "acquisition of new techniques" and "capacity to conceive and to carry out new combinations." These terms almost inevitably turn the mind toward Western methods, toward ways of doing things that are foreign to the local populations, that overawe or even frighten them, and thus do not help in doing the "one thing needful," which is to mobilize as fully as possible the indigenous labor power. Such a mobilization can be effected on the required scale only if the people are encouraged to use the methods they know—to improve upon them; to develop them by all means; even to marry them in some cases with methods imported from abroad (if that can be done easily and organically); even occasionally to drop them in favor of something foreign (if that happens naturally and spontaneously). But no such mobilization will be possible if the all-pervading notion is that everything that is different from its Western counterpart is inferior; that the people's own "know-how" is worthless, that their own traditions must be done away with, that their religion must be modified or abandoned wherever it stands in the way of "economic development." It is, I suggest, this attitude itself that stands in the way of economic development, because it produces an unconquerable apathy, an atmosphere of hopeless resignation that can do nothing and will do nothing but wait for aid from afar.

Economic development—and again I stress that this means the transformation of whole societies—is a very big thing and, like all big things, depends primarily on movements that take place on the unconscious, rather than the conscious, level. In an Indian journal I find an article titled

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"A Surfeit of Planning—Where Are the People?" The author—himself an Indian—begins by saying that "the people for whom we plan and weave our dreams are seldom in the picture. More often they are just laborers, wage earners with little sense of participation or adventure in the India we plan to reconstruct. The reasons for such apathy are perhaps very deep, somewhere very near the soul of India." The author pleads then for a "movement of reconstruction" rather than a plan contrived by economists, in the abstract jargon of economics, because only such a movement, "deciding its aims and targets according to local need and desire from area to area, could gather the people, make them partners in plans which, if not very grandiose, are at least after their hearts."

These words, in my opinion, are more closely in touch with reality than the language of Western economics; they point to the living source of wealth, which is the labor power of "the people"; they indicate what I believe to be the one decisive criterion for judging the value of any development measures: whether they will encourage or discourage the spontaneous mobilization of this labor power. To quote again from Eugene Black, who after all is the most prominent representative of present-day orthodoxy in matters of economic development: "Even the most enthusiastic supporters of economic aid recognize that the outside world cannot provide more than a small margin of the resources needed; the really crucial economic and human resources must come from within." But what if the manner in which the "small margin" is injected causes the "really crucial economic and human resources"—namely those that ought to be forthcoming from within—to sink deeper and deeper into the kind of apathy to which the Indian author refers above? This is a question which Mr. Black has not considered because it does not at all fit into his official ideology, which he explains as follows:

> In the World Bank we concentrate on economic development as if its only end were higher consumption and greater comfort. We try to remove the taint of ideology from the language of economics and then relate that language solely to the end of promoting higher material living standards.

Is it surprising, then, that this does not reach down to anything that lies near to the soul of the people? That it fails to awaken the soul, but merely makes apathy more fearful and sullen?

OR TAKE another famous prescription for economic development, W. W. Rostow's "take-off into self-sustained growth":

> For the present purposes the take-off is defined as requiring all three of the following related conditions:
> (a) a rise in the rate of productive investment from (say) 5 per cent or less to over 10 per cent of national income (or net national product);
> (b) the development of one or more substantial manufacturing sectors, with a high rate of growth;
> (c) the existence or quick emergence of a political, social, and institutional framework which exploits the impulses to expansion in the modern sector and the potential external economy effects of the take-off and gives growth an on-going character.

Now I do not wish to quarrel with these sentences as a piece of analysis of past events. But I become very uneasy when (a), (b), and (c) are described as "conditions," thus turning the analysis into a prescription. These three so-called conditions are, after all, mere abstractions, useful for assisting our understanding *ex post facto,* but, being abstractions, they cannot be "done" (except possibly by totalitarian methods). They do not touch the people's heart; they induce the imagination to turn to the actual—that which exists already, and exists most conspicuously in the rich countries—whereas it should be turned to the potential: the unused labor power and

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creativity of the indigenous population.

As these things are not easily understood, nor easily expressed, I may perhaps give one further example. Bertrand de Jouvenel says this:

> It is desirable to examine the means whereby farm income is supplemented by industrial income without any migration of workers. This can of course be achieved if, in areas where there obtains a considerable density of agricultural population, factories can be set up, occupying some members of the family without any need for rehousing.

This statement, again, is perfectly correct in what it says; but is it also correct in what it suggests? It would be if we were speaking in the context of a modern Western country. But in an underdeveloped country full of grinding poverty? ". . . if factories can be set up," yes, and obviously the poor ignorant villagers could never, by themselves, set up a factory—they have no "savings"; they cannot "accumulate capital"; they lack the "capacity to conceive and carry out new combinations"; their methods, like their traditions, as Mr. Black would say, "have been rendered tragically inadequate by the passing of time." Yet all this is generally quite untrue. All these gross and insulting errors are conjured up by the use of the words "if factories can be set up"—words which can only serve to confirm the feeling of impotence and despair and apathy of the people who ought to be providing "the really crucial economic and human resources." We should not be talking in this language at all—about factories and about supplementing farm income by industrial income. We should be talking about getting the people to use their own labor power, with their own intelligence (which is not incapable of picking up improved methods from outsiders), and their own local resources and materials to provide, in the first place, for their own fundamental needs, which are food, clothing, and shelter, and certain communal assets like roads, wells, and public buildings.

I CAN, frankly, see no value in discussing such questions—very interesting from an academic point of view—as the ideal size of towns, the ideal location of industry, or the ideal transport system, because even the most brilliant answers to them will do nothing to mobilize the creative power of the people. Instead, I think, we should ask the much simpler and much more profound question: Why is it that the people are not helping themselves? What has come over them? On the whole, throughout history, all healthy societies have managed to solve their problem of existence, and always with something to spare for culture. Grinding poverty, with malnutrition and degradation, with apathy and despair, as a permanent condition of millions of people, not as a result of war or natural catastrophe—this is a most abnormal and, historically speaking, an unheard of phenomenon. All peoples—with exceptions that merely prove the rule—have always known how to help themselves; they have always discovered a pattern of living which fitted their peculiar natural surroundings. Societies and cultures have collapsed when they deserted their own pattern and fell into decadence, but even then, unless devastated by war, the people normally continued to be able to provide for themselves, with something to spare for higher things. Why not now, in so many parts of the world?

I am not speaking of ordinary poverty, but of actual and acute misery; not of the poor, who, according to the universal tradition of mankind, are in a special way blessed, but of the miserable and degraded ones who, by the same tradition, should not exist at all and should be helped by all. Poverty may have been the rule in the past, but misery was not. Poor peasants and artisans have existed from time immemorial; but the existence of miserable and destitute villages in the thousands and urban pavement dwellers in the hundreds of thousands—not in wartime or as an aftermath of war, but in the

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midst of peace and as a seemingly permanent feature—is a monstrous and scandalous thing which is altogether abnormal in the history of mankind. We cannot be satisfied with the snap answer that this is due to population pressure. Since every mouth that comes into the world is also endowed with a pair of hands, population pressure could serve as an explanation only if it meant an absolute shortage of land—and although that situation may arise in the future, it decidedly has not arrived today (a few islands excepted). It cannot be argued that the population increase as such must produce increasing poverty because the additional pairs of hands lack capital. Millions of people have started without capital and have shown that a pair of hands can provide not only the income but also the durable goods—i.e. capital—for civilized existence. So the question stands and demands an answer: What has gone wrong? Why cannot these people help themselves?

I believe that the cause lies in the impact of the modern West upon these societies and populations. The paralysis or apathy—"somewhere very near the soul of India," as the Indian author said—is similar to the paralysis of the Aztecs when they met Cortes and his men sitting on the backs of horses and equipped with firearms. It was not the power of the Spaniards that destroyed the Aztec empire, but the disbelief of the Aztecs in themselves. I suggest that the cause of economic misery in a country like India is not the adherence to her own traditions* (which Eugene Black presumes to call "tragically inadequate"), but the turning away from these traditions, and that the cause of this turning away is the mere existence, in India and elsewhere, of the modern Western methods of production, distribution, administration, and so forth. Mr. de Jouvenel says that it is more difficult for Asian countries to achieve a "take-off" than it was for the West. This is probably true, but hardly because "the industrial revolution in the West coincided with the demographic explosion, while this explosion occurred in Asia without an attending industrial revolution." A population determined to help itself is never at a loss for productive tasks to employ all hands. What seems to me of infinitely greater importance is that the West abandoned its own traditions only as it developed and applied the modern methods itself, while the Asian countries—partly owing to European domination—lost (not all, but still too much of) their own traditions, as a result of something that had arisen not among themselves but in the West.

To talk in purely economic terms, probably the greatest cause of poverty in an underdeveloped country today is the existence of a modern transport system. None of the Western countries ever had to achieve development at a time when transport was fast and cheap. It was only *after* extensive and broadly based development had taken place that transport became fast and cheap in those countries. To start with, every town and every village enjoyed the protection of high transport costs—a kind of natural tariff to shield it against competition from all other towns and villages. Hence it was obvious and normal that each locality should attempt to provide for its own needs through its own labor, intelligence, and natural resources. And hence there arose a multitude of skills in a multitude of localities, and out of the ground thus prepared grew a middle class among which could be found the adventurers and entrepreneurs for more ambitious enterprises. All this was an organic process of growth, carried forward by individuals coming from "the people," not by small groups of intellectuals, educated in foreign lands, who took it upon themselves to transform whole societies and create new traditions.

All these possibilities, however, are de-

* Needless to say, there are some usages that are not true traditions but decadent bad habits. The sooner these are abandoned, the better.

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stroyed by cheap and fast transport. Village industries—thousands upon thousands of small workshops—wither away because there is somewhere an "efficient" modern factory which can deliver similar (though often vastly inferior) goods at a lower price. But is not this the essence of "progress"—the substitution of superior methods of production for inferior ones? Does not the lower price benefit the villagers, raising their standard of living, enabling them to save and to invest and finally to accomplish the "take-off"? Many economists argue this way, but the truth is otherwise. Because they themselves no longer produce, the villagers are poorer than ever before; they may be unable to pay for any of the factory goods, except by getting into debt. It has happened even that the factory itself, having accomplished its frightful work of destruction in the villages, has had to close down for lack of a market.

It was his intuitive understanding of these fatal mechanisms which led Gandhi to say in 1912 that "India is being ground down, not under the English heel, but under that of modern civilization." On another occasion he said: "Much of the deep poverty of India is due to the departure from Swadeshi in the economic life. If not a single article of commerce had been brought from outside India, she would be today a land flowing with milk and honey."

Gandhi also proposed that a small part of India ought to be set aside and protected against all goods from outside the area except for necessary commodities not locally producible. The inhabitants of the chosen area would then extricate themselves from their misery by their own efforts and within a very short time.

Economists have assumed too easily that what works best in an advanced country must be best for economic development. Gandhi never made this mistake. "England has sinned against India by forcing free trade upon her. It may have been food for England, but it has been poison for this country." The problem posed by free trade, however, exists equally *within* a country when such a country possesses a modern transport system and a fringe of Western-type industries. Efficient and fast communications, like free trade, are food for an advanced country and poison for an underdeveloped country. Modern economists have generally seen the "potential" of an underdeveloped country mainly in terms of its raw material exports to the rich countries; and as such exports are obviously cheapened and facilitated by efficient transportation, the economists have concluded that investment in transport facilities deserves a high priority. This is a tragic error; it must spell ruin unless counteracted by deliberate measures of what might be called "controlled isolation" for a great number of relatively small communities, so that local labor will be used primarily to cover local needs.

It is here also that the institution of money, if handled in a manner which is "food" for advanced countries, may become poison for the underdeveloped. Today there is fairly general agreement that a country struggling for development cannot do so on the basis of free convertibility of its currency—in other words, that there must be some "controlled isolation." But that the same need arises *within* the country, particularly a large country like India, is usually overlooked. If no provision is made for this, then there will be innumerable occasions when useful economic activity will only be possible on a barter basis (i.e. without money) or not at all. Barter, however, is clumsy and inflexible; what is really needed is local money or scrip issued in accordance with local needs, such as the American colonies possessed before the Revolutionary War.

THESE suggestions will appear reactionary and retrogressive to economists who imagine that the experience of advanced countries, where "development" is self-generating and may even be excessive,

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can be applied to underdeveloped countries, where "development" is not only urgently needed but also exceedingly difficult to get started. From so unrealistic a point of view my suggestions must of course look retrogressive, because it is in fact necessary to go back in the experience of the advanced countries to the early stages of their own development to find useful analogies.

Mr. de Jouvenel rightly insists that "there are degrees of freedom in the processes" of economic development. This is perfectly true and constitutes a very necessary corrective to certain schools of economic determinism. But it is also necessary to recognize that in a given situation some things are possible and others are not. What is decidedly impossible is to achieve economic development on a wide scale when every budding activity is automatically exposed to the icy blast of competition from production units employing advanced Western techniques of high capital intensity, whether such units are situated at home or abroad. Equally, it is impossible to mobilize and utilize "the really crucial economic and human resources" which "must come from within" if the ideology of the "planners" mocks and denies the ideology of the people. For instance, Mr. Black expressed his own ideology in the words: "There is real hope that people will take ideology less seriously simply because they will be too busy." Man does not live by bread alone, and the poor, having little bread, are more dependent for their life and happiness on immaterial things than are the rich. And if they are robbed of them, they lose their self-respect, their will to live, and their will to help themselves. How can they then be mobilized?

It is the impact of the West, now intensified by Westernized native ruling groups, which tends to produce this paralysis. And so, too, it produces the phenomenon which Mr. de Jouvenel refers to as "technological dualism," but which also represents an irreconcilable division far beyond the field of technology, that splits society into "two nations," each leading a totally different life from the other. Mr. de Jouvenel himself says: "In fact there is no difference between the situation thus arising and the situation arising in a colony with a 'colonial' and a 'native' sector"—surely the most unfortunate and destructive disease to befall the body of any nation that has only recently gained its independence. This is not, as is sometimes suggested, merely a problem of the location of industry, for even the widest possible scatter of an alien industry over the entire country could not reunite the "two nations," but would only spread the disease.

All the most decisive problems of development may be summed up, it seems to me, in the question: "How can the impact of the West be canalized in such a way that it does not continue to throw the people into apathy and paralysis?" It is only when this question has been satisfactorily answered that we can be certain that Western aid—to render which we are in honor bound—will do more good than harm. More or better economic planning from the center provides no answer. It is only for the purposes of analysis that one can isolate the economic factor from the rest of human life. For fruitful action, the whole of man has to be recognized. If this is not done and action is based solely on economic calculations as laid down in elaborate central plans, the only possible result can be coercion from the top. But what shall it profit? If coercion succeeds, freedom is lost; stultified by apathy and sullen disdain, the people sink ever deeper into misery.

The alternative to coercion cannot be found when spiritual realities are dismissed as being of no account or treated as merely subservient to economic aims. It cannot be found when the people are considered as objects to be driven, cajoled, or manipulated. Perhaps the best—perhaps even the only—effective slogan for aid is: "Find out what the people are trying to do and help them to do it better."

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE END OF AN ILLUSION

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

A GREAT HISTORIAN has said that history should make us not clever for one day but wise forever. In the life of nations, as in the life of individuals, a great crisis can be a boon if it reveals in the contours of the abyss the stark and simple outlines of the eternal verities which men and nations neglect only at their peril. The Berlin crisis, if we come out of it alive, can teach us some lessons about the nature of foreign policy. One of them is the short-term convenience and long-term perniciousness of basing foreign policy on pleasant illusions rather than the unpalatable truth. Thus we may well look back to the Berlin crisis in gratitude for the insight it has given us not into the evil intentions of Khrushchev but into the errors of our own ways. And we may face with greater confidence, and handle with greater competence, the crises of the future—which are as sure to follow Berlin as night follows day—if we understand and remember the lessons of Berlin.

It is hardly open to doubt that a negotiated settlement of the Berlin issue will result in an appreciable weakening of the Western position. This weakening will not be due to the lack of steadfastness of purpose and of diplomatic skill of the representatives of the West. Rather it will be due to the fact that the objective distribution of interests and power with regard to Berlin makes such an outcome inevitable. That distribution has always favored the Soviet Union, and the drastic change in the distribution of nuclear power which has occurred during the last decade has increased the Russian advantage—so Khrushchev seems to think—decisively. The effectiveness of the legal arrangements safeguarding the Western position in Berlin and the symbolic function which Berlin was supposed to perform as the prospective capital of a united Germany were predicated upon a distribution of power decisively favoring the West. That distribution was always unfavorable to the West locally, and it has now turned against the West in the world arena.

It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of Berlin and all of Germany was decided on the battlefields of the Second World War and not by the war and postwar agreements which have borne most of the blame. Both Churchill and Stalin knew what Roosevelt should have known—that in war and peace possession is the better part of the law. This is another way of saying that the kind of peace settlement you will be able to obtain after the conclusion of the war will in good measure be determined by the kind of military strategy you are willing and able to pursue during the war. The ability of the Soviet Union to conquer all of Eastern and most of Central Europe established the ability of the Soviet Union to control the conquered territories politically.

The location of the Western garrisons in West Berlin deep inside Soviet-controlled territory put those garrisons at the mercy of the Soviet Union. It has been our great illusion both with regard to the Berlin issue and the German problem as a whole to think and act on the assumption that, in the absence of extraordinary diplomatic trumps, the facts of military power established by a

In this new bi-monthly department, which was inaugurated in our July number, HANS J. MORGENTHAU, the director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy at the University of Chicago, will discuss a wide variety of issues bearing on problems of foreign and domestic politics.

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victorious war could be changed by anything but another victorious war and, more particularly, that these facts would yield to a legal arrangement based on the assumption that they did not exist.

THE YALTA AGREEMENTS in particular were an attempt, doomed to failure from the outset, to maintain a modicum of Western influence in the nations of Eastern Europe which the Red Army had conquered. That influence was to be maintained through the instrument of free, democratic elections. Yet in view of the fear and hatred with which most of Eastern Europe had traditionally reacted to the colossus from the East, free elections in Eastern Europe could be considered by the Soviet Union only as a weapon with which first to limit, and then to destroy, Soviet control. Thus it was utopian to expect that the Soviet Union would jeopardize its conquests in order to make good on a legal promise to a competitor who had lost his ability to enforce such a promise on the battlefields of the Second World War.

Our German policy derives from an identical illusion. It has assumed that the line of military demarcation which was established in 1945 dividing Germany into Soviet and Western zones of occupation, and the Oder-Neisse line marking the frontier between Germany and Poland, were provisional administrative boundaries. The permanent delimitation of the German-Polish frontier would have to await a peace treaty, and the division of Germany would have to yield to unification based upon free elections. It is of course a foregone conclusion that free elections in East Germany would bring Soviet control to an end, just as free elections, in, say, Poland would mean the end of Soviet control there.

The Soviet Union could not be expected to agree to the dismantling of its European empire without either being faced with an irresistible threat—which the West was unwilling to make—or without receiving a proportionate advantage from the West—which it was not in the West's power to offer. Similarly, the rectification of the Oder-Neisse line in favor of Germany could only be envisaged in consequence of a radical change in the distribution of power in Eastern and Central Europe which the West was unable to bring about by peaceful means.

The liberation of Eastern Europe and the unification of Germany on Western terms could have been accomplished only by a victorious war. However, the United States shrank from the risk of war even when it possessed a monopoly of nuclear weapons and when the issue was not to liberate a nation of Eastern Europe but to support a liberation already accomplished, as in the case of the Hungarian revolution of 1956. Thus the West has never had a policy with regard to Eastern Europe and Germany. Its declared aims could not be achieved through the means it was willing to use. Between the words pronounced and the actions contemplated there has been a gap which could remain invisible only so long as the West was not compelled to square its actions with its words, or vice versa. It is the historic significance of Khrushchev's initiative that it now forces the West to face two alternatives, dangerous in different ways: of eating its words and thereby endangering its relations with West Germany, or else of risking military action and thereby endangering its very existence.

The chancelleries of the Western nations, that of Bonn included, have of course not been unaware that it is impossible to unify Germany on Western terms and to push the German-Polish frontier eastward without exerting well-nigh irresistible diplomatic or military pressure, or both, upon the Soviet Union. Why, then, have they for fifteen years refused, in the historic words of General Clay spoken in Berlin on September 22, 1961, "to accept reality" and instead disguised an illusion in the trappings of a policy? The answer to that question is twofold. The illusion of our German policy was a by-product of a more fundamental illusion about the nature of foreign policy itself. It was as a protection against having to face that fundamental illusion that we have clung to the illusion of our German policy. That fundamental illusion soothes our collective ego, and it is much more pleasant than the reality which it has superseded. Furthermore, it has been the most important ingredient of the cement that joins West Germany to the Western alliance.

Our leaders saw in the Yalta Conference not the futile attempt it was to undo with

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words the actual expansion of Russian power, but the beginning of a new and noble chapter in the history of international relations. As President Roosevelt put it in his report to Congress on the Yalta Conference:

> The Crimean Conference . . . spells the end of the system of unilateral action and exclusive alliances and spheres of influence and balances of power and all the other expedients which have been tried for centuries—and have failed.
>
> We propose to substitute for all these a universal organization in which all peace-loving nations will finally have a chance to join.

To blame Soviet malevolence for the disappointment of that expectation was easier than to seek the cause of the disappointment in one's own faulty thinking about foreign policy. By continuing to insist upon the fulfillment of unfulfillable stipulations, such as free elections, one could maintain the conviction of having been right all along while accusing the adversary of having been consistently at fault. This picture of the postwar world had the additional advantage of not calling for any initiative or coherent action; it actually precluded both. Thus it gave us the satisfying illusion of having a policy without our incurring any of the risks and liabilities which a policy entails.

WHILE THIS ILLUSION had but a negative impact on American policy in that it seemed to make the search for a policy superfluous, it had a decisive, positive effect upon the orientation of the foreign policy of West Germany. We induced West Germany to join NATO and make herself the strongest European member of the Western alliance with the argument that this was the road to unification and to the rectification of the Oder-Neisse line. What all the governments concerned knew to be no more than a verbal commitment and a substitute for a policy, the mass of West German opinion took as a solemn undertaking to be followed sooner or later by action. The inability of the West to react to Khrushchev's initiative in a way that squared with its verbal commitments has suddenly brought home to West German opinion the illusory character of what it thought was a policy of unification and revision of the Eastern frontiers. For since neither objective is attainable without the cooperation of the Soviet Union, which is of course not forthcoming, the West is now forced to admit, at least by implication, that it has no way of achieving the objectives for the sake of which West Germany joined the Western alliance.

This is a dangerous admission to make, for it removes the main rationale for the Western orientation of West Germany and by the same token suggests the possibility of a quite different orientation. The West is incapable of unifying Germany and revising its Eastern frontiers through its own initiative, short of a victorious war. But the Soviet Union is not so incapable. As I pointed out more than ten years ago:

> Only the Soviet Union has it in its power to satisfy the irreducible minimum of German aspirations: the unification of Germany. Nobody will doubt that the Soviet Union would not hesitate to throw the Communists of Eastern Germany overboard if it could buy with so insignificant a sacrifice the neutrality, if not the support, of a unified German nation. Looking at the international scene through the distorting lenses of ideological animosity, we tend to forget that other nations are much less likely than we are to subordinate their perennial national interests to emotions, and that neither the Germans nor the Russians are likely to take the issue of Communism as seriously as we do. The mutual support of, first, Prussia, then Germany and Russia in challenging the rest of Europe is older than the issue of Communism. A tradition of two centuries testifies to its persistence. If Stalin was able to come to an understanding with Hitler—which Hitler, not Stalin, destroyed, and much to Stalin's regret—he can be expected to deal with whoever may succeed Hitler as the head of a united Germany, on terms advantageous to both and surely for Germany less disadvantageous than to serve as the battleground in the initial stages of a Third World War.
>
> Furthermore, only the Soviet Union is capable of satisfying to whatever extent it wishes a probable objective of a united Germany which ranks second only to unification itself: the rectification of Germany's eastern frontiers. The Soviet Union has championed the territorial aggrandizement of Czechoslovakia and, more particularly, of Poland at the expense of Germany for reasons of power politics. There is no stronger cement seal-

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ing the alliance between the Soviet Union and its two strongest neighbors to the west than the latters' dependence upon Russian protection for their new frontiers. What ties Czechoslovakia and Poland to the Russian chariot is not national sympathy nor is it the affinity of political ideologies. It is the overwhelming power of the Soviet Union, which in its own interest must defend the western frontiers of these two satellites against a Germany allied with the West. However, if the Soviet Union could advance the western limits of its sphere of influence from the Oder-Neisse line and the Elbe to the Rhine by winning a united Germany over to its side, what reason would there be for the Soviet Union to protect the new frontiers of Czechoslovakia and Poland against a friendly Germany, especially if the friendship of that Germany could be bought by the surrender of these frontiers? Faced with a choice between the potent enmity or sullen indifference of a resentful Germany and the hapless enmity of its abandoned satellites, Stalin would not hesitate to do what the Czars did time and again, and what he himself did once before: sacrifice the interests of Poland on the altar of Russo-German friendship.

What Stalin would have done Khrushchev will do if the opportunity presents itself. By substituting illusions for facts and verbal commitments for policies, we have brought that opportunity appreciably closer. Thus the iceman cometh to nations, as he does to men.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

Samuel and Agag	MARTIN BUBER
At Ease in Zion	ALFRED KAZIN
The Graduate Student	THEODORE SOLOTAROFF
Sacco and Vanzetti Reconsidered	JAMES GROSSMAN
The New James Baldwin	DAN JACOBSON
Also: A New Short Story by	BERNARD MALAMUD

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OBSERVATIONS

ISRAEL'S CONSERVATIVE VOTERS

Gerda Luft

THE FIRST GOVERNMENT of Israel was a temporary one, put together in 1948, immediately after the formation of the state; since then, five national elections have been held. In all of them Mapai, the party of David Ben Gurion, has emerged as the strongest by far. In 1948, Mapai controlled 46 of the 120 seats in the Knesset and in 1951 only one less. The number fell to 40 in 1955, but the party gained an additional 7 seats in 1959; and in the most recent election, this past August, even with the party weakened by internal controversy and the waning popularity of Ben Gurion, it still managed to win 42 seats. Two of the lost seats went to the Communist party, which operates mainly among Israeli Arabs and has never had much political influence. The other 3 seats went to the newly formed Liberal party, the result of a merger this spring between the General Zionists and the Progressives; the new party won a total of 17 seats.

As far back as 1951, the General Zionists had almost tripled their representation by jumping from 7 to 20 seats. Their victory at that time, essentially due to a widespread resentment against the government's clumsy handling of rationing, was hailed by adherents of private enterprise as the emergence of a right-of-center party that would rally right opposition against Mapai. However, 12 of these 20 seats were lost in the elections of 1955 and 59. Now, even aided by the Progressives, the General Zionists have hardly made a serious dent in Mapai's strength. Thus though the loss of 5 seats which Mapai suffered is considered a significant setback, Ben Gurion continues to head the strongest party in Israel.

The coalitions among Israeli political parties still remain much as they always have been. After the election, the right-wing nationalist party, Herut, offered to form a parliamentary bloc with the Liberals; together, the group would have controlled 34 votes as against the 42 of Mapai. But the Liberal party refused. Similarly, vague plans to form a coalition cabinet from among the Liberals and the religious bloc on the right, and from among Ahduth Avodah and Mapam on the left, remain theoretical.

Clearly, then, the most striking feature of Israeli politics is the conservatism of the Israeli voters. This is all the more astonishing when one notes that the population has more than doubled since 1948, and that its sociological character has been completely changed by mass immigration. The majority of the immigrants come from Moslem countries and could not understand those intricacies of political controversy which were meat and drink to the original founders of the state—the builders of the Israeli army no less than the architects of the Knesset and Histadrut. Many of the immigrants did not know how to read or write; the women had never voted before.

Yet despite some trepidations, these people were soon incorporated through informal means into the existing political system. On board their incoming ships or at the airport, they were met by the representatives of the Jewish Agency, responsible for housing the immigrants, and most of these Agency representatives were also party men. Thus, help and instruction for the new immigrants were often combined with party indoctrination. And just as the new settlers depended on the Jewish Agency for housing, so they depended on the labor exchanges and the sick-fund of Histadrut for work and medical care; absorption into the economy of Israel went hand in hand with absorption into its political parties. If

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the presence of the new immigrants has shown itself in the elections in any way at all, it has been in helping to buttress Mapai's position. Ben Gurion's triumphant election tour in 1959 through the new immigrant settlements and the poor quarters of the towns aided substantially in giving Mapai the 47 seats it won that year. This particular victory had strengthened Ben Gurion's own wish to change the Israeli electoral system to resemble England's, so that he would be able to rule without coalition partners. Ben Gurion's dream has been shattered by his party's recent loss of 5 seats. It was shattered, in effect, by the traditional conservatism of the Israeli voter.

THE GENERAL consistency of the election returns since the formation of the State of Israel can be explained by a number of factors. For example, the agricultural settlements which form the strong points of the three labor parties, Ahdut Avodah, Mapai, and Mapam, continue to play an important role in conserving party ideologies and enforcing party loyalty. It is not easy to vote Liberal, say, in a Mapai kibbutz, even though the balloting is secret: if there are ten Liberal votes, everyone will soon know who cast them—and reactions are not always pleasant. In the Mapam kibbutzim, where "collective thinking" is much in vogue, the compulsion to conform politically is even stronger. Similarly, the various labor parties have staked out their respective domains in the factories and towns.

The peculiar development of the Israeli economy also helps maintain the voting patterns. Private capital did not play an important part in this development, even before the state was formed. By the time the more recent mass immigration began, the outline of an economy financed mainly from public sources was already established. During the 50's, government control increased. A state-dominated economy became deeply ingrained in the social and political structure of the country; as a consequence, more and more people became dependent on the "authorities" for work, housing, credit, and social and medical care.

Even the remaining independents who had their own businesses soon found themselves enmeshed in the network of a complicated and all-pervasive bureaucracy, both through the introduction of currency control and an intricate license system for imports and exports, and through the enactment of the Reparations Agreement with Germany which gave the government the role of arbiter on capital imports. The Reparations Agreement, by concentrating huge funds in the hands of the authorities, completed a process which started when the Zionist Organization began to collect funds to build Degania and Nahalal and the Jewish National Fund bought up land with the pennies collected in their famous blue boxes. The industrialist or the trader found that he had to work in close cooperation with the agencies which fixed exchange rates for earned dollars, allocated import licenses, and had the right to interfere with almost any stage of the production process. Even among the professions, many people came to depend for their livelihood on jobs in government departments or in hospitals run either by the state or by Histadrut.

At the same time that these various factors—social and economic—helped to rigidify the Israeli political system, they have also caused anxiety among some observers about the prospects of democracy in Israel. Such fears have been aggravated by the state of permanent emergency which has existed in Israel since 1947—with a peace settlement between Israel and the Arabs only a distant dream, frontier incidents frequent, and a Middle East arms race steadily progressing. Unpopular economic measures were defended in the name of security, military censorship became an accepted fact, and certain questions of foreign policy were held to be taboo for public discussion. The importance of the executive rose, that of the legislature declined.

The ugly fight between Ben Gurion and Lavon which highlighted these developments led many Israelis, formerly uninterested, to turn their attention to politics. These newcomers took a stand opposing the methods of Ben Gurion. While they believed that Ben Gurion himself was still steeped in the democratic traditions of prewar Europe, they feared that his younger

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adjutants, Dayan and Peres, men who had come up through the army and were more accustomed to the word of command than to political debate, might be his successors. The claim put forth by the Liberal party to be the true defenders of democracy, replacing Mapai, thus found an echo among students and intellectuals.

Yet, as I have said, despite such splinters of opposition, Mapai was able to avert a major defeat.

Any major political change in Israel in the future will probably depend on two kinds of developments. With the completion of German Reparations, the period in which the country progressed mainly with the help of public funds from abroad is coming to a close. Private capital is beginning to enter at an increased rate. Once this capital is ready to take risks, and becomes independent of government help, it might be used to help form a right-wing coalition. Major changes may also occur once the new immigrants raise up more leaders of their own. It should be remembered that 60 per cent of the pupils who attend elementary school in Israel today are children of immigrants from Moslem countries. The percentage of these children in high school and at the university is still small, but undoubtedly will grow as the standard of living rises and as more scholarships (and eventually free secondary education) are provided. Will the immigrants eventually strike out more independently, as they develop their own leadership? It is still uncertain. The few among them who have reached positions of prominence so far—as Knesset members, for example—have done so by working within the traditional political parties.

In any case, the main lesson to be drawn from the recent election is that a party which wants to serve as an alternative to Mapai must find support among the new immigrants. Whether the gain by the Liberals of 3 seats in the Knesset is the fruit of an isolated single effort, or whether it is really the beginning of a new trend, remains to be seen.

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AN AMERICAN AS ART COLLECTOR

Max Kozloff

UNLIKE JAMES WHISTLER, who wrote a book on the subject, Albert C. Barnes never understood how to make enemies gently. After he had become a millionaire, at the age of thirty-five, his social style was programmatically ferocious. Even his moments of kindness—such as allowing some unbelieving outsider to see his art collection—were so unpredictable that they further confounded the hopes of those who tried to deal reasonably with him. But as he was acquiring the reputation of being an impossible man, he was also accumulating a collection of modern art stupendous in size and importance. In addition, he was able to play a prominent role in the reception and criticism of modern art in America. It is for these reasons that he is an important, as well as a colorful, figure and that William Schack's *Art and Argyrol**—the first full-length biography of Barnes—is of considerable interest.

To begin with, the book provides a background for the legal controversy in which Barnes's name still figures today, ten years after his death. From 1925 on he refused to let his collection be seen by those legions of people he considered hostile or indifferent to new painting. Repeatedly reaffirming his right to privacy, he still claimed his collection as a non-profit educational institution, the Barnes Foundation. Exclusive access to his vast array of art was granted to the student body, as the core of a new education program. Even today, the Foundation maintains that its art gallery and educational facilities are inseparable, and that a mass of visitors would destroy the curriculum of the school. But the Attorney General of Pennsylvania has finally established, after a nine-year law suit, that the organization cannot continue to hold its tax-exempt status and be private at the same time. The Foundation has been forced to compromise and on March 19, 1961, the New York *Times* announced the conditions of the first public admission to the collection. Artists, schol-

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* Thomas Yoseloff, 412 pp., $4.95.

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ars, and museum-goers—their appetite whetted by long deprivation, and their curiosity by rumor—are now preparing themselves to make the pilgrimage to Merion. It is not every day that over 200 Renoirs, 70 Cézannes, scores of Matisses, Picassos, Modiglianis, Soutines, all chosen by a man notorious for his dissatisfaction with the second-rate, are unlocked to the public.

Aside from its help in clarifying the legal question, Schack's biography does not provide the fully illuminating study one had hoped for of Barnes, nor of the issues involved in his use of his collection as a base of operations for a polemical campaign in the world of art criticism and education. Though handicapped by the inevitable refusal of the Barnes Foundation to allow him to examine its records, Schack still could have treated more adequately such questions as the aesthetic climate that Barnes tried so hard to influence, or Barnes's place within the over-all context of American collecting. As for his subject's critical methods and educational philosophy, Schack has something to say, though only with average perception. On the whole, his main interest lies elsewhere: in the collection of incidents which would amplify the Barnes myth. Unhappily, the more folksy and brash was that myth, the more Schack's prose style imitates it. One is surprised to find such words as "switcheroo" and "loony" between the hard covers of a serious biography. Schack has, in fact, written a kind of "Barnes Confidential," weak in documentation and larded with a great deal of amateur psychologizing. ("From now on, he would buy the quality he had himself failed to create.") All the stories he has dug up are not, of course, without their fascination; what is lacking is a unified point of view about Albert Barnes that goes beyond Schack's frequent horror—however justified at times horror may be.

Though Schack's information cannot always be trusted, the portrait of an eminently self-contradictory American emerges from his treatment. Barnes began as a classically inner-directed type of the old school—born of poverty-stricken parents, pushing himself through college and medical school, inventing an effective eye antiseptic, Argyrol, which brought him millions, and then undergoing a complete re-education in the fine arts and philosophy in his middle years. Throughout his later career Barnes owed an overwhelming debt to European culture, but some of his rash (though usually temporary) judgments, such as that Corot could not be compared with Thomas Hart Benton, or that the Prado museum was inferior to the Barnes Foundation, show a kind of typical Yankee distrust of the older European traditions. There was something fractured in his own native ethic as well. While he was a loud friend of the Negro, he was capable of prejudice toward a Negro student. The patron of Lipchitz, Pascin, and Soutine could say that the *Dial* magazine had too many Jewish writers. Such ambivalence toward minorities is mirrored in his larger social attitudes. Priding himself on his egalitarianism, chumming with the local fire chief, and supporting Roosevelt's New Deal, he also announced once that his Foundation class "was no place for the rabble." Thus the misanthropic impulses of the great collector would often trip up his missionary vocation as educator and publicizer: anxious as he was to promote greater understanding of his masterpieces, he still could not help combatting the very people he wished to convert. He would provoke constantly (his declaration that Philadelphia's Museum of Art was a house of intellectual prostitution is a fair example) and then regard the resulting alienation as philistinism. No matter how fanatic he was as an educator, he could not refrain from a destructive tomfoolery as a man. Also, while he never lost his sharpness and flexibility in business dealings in the art market (Schack implies that he was often too sharp), Barnes fell into a rigid pattern intellectually. And though in time he became a respected authority, he always retained a sense of being an outsider, an obsession which his own frantic mania for possessing, or his attempt to establish the Barnes Foundation as a great headquarters, never diminished. In short, his private character consistently betrayed his public role.

Unsurprisingly, these contradictions conditioned Barnes's taste as a collector and prevented him from coming comfortably to terms with any work of art. He began by buying some Impressionists in 1912 chosen by two artist friends, William Glackens and Alfred Maurer, whom he sent to Paris as

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agents. Nicely befuddled by their choice, he embarked on a rigorous and systematic course of educating his artistic judgment. Through his contact with the Steins, he gradually overcame his shock at the French avant-garde, and beside his favorites, Renoir and Cézanne, he began to add Matisse and Picasso to his collection, though not many of the latter's Cubist canvases. Believing that collecting should be creative, he also saw that it could be practical and, with a canny intuition, he cornered and coralled a horde of Post-Impressionists into a museum of his own, always first weighing their historical significance. Instead of allowing himself the modest pleasure of living with his pictures, he then busied himself in examining them privately and in lectures. Apparently, he extracted a passionate satisfaction from these analyses—comparable to the joys of his less theoretical and more impulsive fellow collectors.

If advanced for his time, Barnes's taste as a collector was hardly revolutionary. As regards the Impressionists, Mrs. Havemayer had purchased Degas in 1875; James Johnson, Manet in 1888; and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Renoir and Monet in 1892. The Steins were already buying Picasso and Matisse in 1906, and so was John Quinn seven years later. These collectors took risks simply because of their undaunted appreciation or as an expression of their faith in a man or a movement. Their taste was so visionary that it awaited confirming, in most cases, for a generation and represents one of the most enlightened chapters in American cultural history. At the time of the First World War, Barnes was still years behind them in the schooling of his eyes, and had arrived, at any rate, too late on the scene to match their originality. With the exception of a successful gamble on Soutine in 1923, he was limited to a rather inspired mopping up, and compensated by giving free expression to his instinct for proselytizing. His distinguished predecessors had high-handedly collected art in a society almost completely uncomprehending of their activities. Barnes's vanity was less innocent, just as his self-consciousness was greater than theirs. Not being able to countenance indifference, he was the first collector to attempt to lessen the gap between the modern artist and the public. In this, at least, he was quite original.

Like Duncan Phillips and Sidney Janis after him, Barnes wrote art books for the interested layman. However, except for a group of his fanatic former students, everyone knows how tedious and dated the Barnesian critical approach is today. His *The Art in Painting,* in fact, was already regressive when it appeared in 1925. The book derived from the Clive Bell concept of "significant form" (*Art,* 1913), which in turn depended in method upon the earlier Wölfflinian schemes of pure visibility. Barnes's "plastic values" (not that much more of a rigorous concept than Bell's —despite Schack's opinion—and certainly more repetitive) was the swan song of "element" conscious art criticism. It relied upon the belief that paintings could be classified, analyzed, and judged on the basis of purely optical criteria, and that the experience of the work of art lies in the process of isolating its components—line, color, space, mass, etc.

The scientific ring to Barnes's formulation was characteristic. He wrote in the preface to the first edition of *The Art in Painting:* "This book is an experiment in the adaptation to plastic art of the principles of scientific method." Though he was aware of the danger of such methods ("mechanical registration, an inventory of meaningless detail"), his writings and teachings are sodden with these very mistakes. On the other hand, though he recognized the necessity of general principles, none of them seems to have guided the mass of his silly pronouncements, such as that Matisse's drawings were inferior to his paintings, or that the Cubists misunderstood Cézanne and hence failed to attain "intrinsic importance." His jargon never succeeded in providing a mutually nourishing link between ideas and sensibility. He subjected Renoir, of all people, to schematic measurements, as if there were only colors, spaces, and surfaces in the Impressionist painting — admirable technique, he would have said, but no sensations. Above all, one could not "daydream" before art, a thing for which Barnes had a schoolmasterish horror. For all the mechanism of his approach, Barnes was never sympathetic to the mechanical in art, nor, for all his formalism, was he receptive to abstract painting. An underlying puritanism, perhaps, kept him from finding a vocabulary

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to describe the power of what he thought to be merely seductive, while—still another contradiction—his attachment to the material and his intense but ineffectual addiction to human values opposed that retreat from representation already prophesied by many of the paintings in his own collection.

However, he knew how to publicize his ideas and create disciples, and it is no accident that after being clarioned in his books, the cliché of "plastic values" descended into the art education departments, museums, and public schools, there to chasten a couple of generations of American students and painters. Critical of Barnes's intellectualist dismantling of art, Schack comments succinctly: "Indeed, wonder without analysis is a truer appreciation of art than analysis without wonder."

But "appreciation" was not so much an issue in Barnes's career as was the problem of authority. Public taste might flounder toward self-improvement, abetted by actual contact with works of art; but eventually there had to be men, Barnes thought, who were knowledgeable, experienced, objective, and who could lead public opinion. The critics he saw around him were merely charlatans and woolly heads. The underlying significance of the Barnes program was in its warfare about credentials: the progressive amateur combatting the conservative or incompetent professional. Barnes himself, the perpetual amateur (though not in the old, honorific sense of the word), was only relatively "advanced," and even those opinions which we agree with today were often held for the wrong reasons. Undoubtedly he became the victim of his own extremism, but this may have been the price he was willing to pay in order to make a dent in the provincial art criticism of the 1920's and 1930's. He lacked knowledge, and certainly that moderation and unity which he claimed were essential to the work of art; but he did insist that one's responsibility was, above all, to see. At its most modest, authority meant to him the ability to make a decently verifiable statement about a painting.

Since Barnes, there has been a breakdown of the kind of optimism which sponsored such a belief, but the problem of authority remains as primitive as it was then—perversely enough, because of our excessive sophistication. The exposure to a greater variety of viewpoints has led us to an immense tolerance, with such side-effects as paralysis of judgment and the protection by relativism of all kinds of hypocrisies and confusions. Today, far richer and subtler aesthetic discriminations are possible than Barnes ever dreamed of, but there has also been a deterioration of good faith and self-confidence in criticism, despite our knowing tone. To this extent, Barnes's polemics have failed. To paraphrase Delacroix about Ingres, they are "the complete expression of an incomplete mind." But if they can be ridiculed mercilessly, so can most of the orthodoxies of the present. Meanwhile, thank goodness, there is his collection.

Max Kozloff *teaches art history at New York University. A contributor to the* Nation, *Mr. Kozloff is appearing for the first time in* COMMENTARY.

* * *

FEIFFER, STEINBERG, AND OTHERS

David Segal

THE COMIC STRIP made its first appearance in Hearst's New York *Journal* during the circulation war he and Pulitzer conducted in the 1890's; and it has developed since then into one of the staples of mass media entertainment. Although the typical comic strip mixes slapstick comedy with popular fiction, some cartoonists have managed to use its pictorial shorthand of abstraction and exaggeration to create a fully imagined world that also satirizes our own. George Herriman with his "Krazy Kat" and Al Capp with "Li'l Abner" are two well-known examples, and one of the latest strips to follow in this tradition is Walt Kelly's "Pogo." More recently, there have also appeared on the cartooning scene several younger men who have given the satirical tradition a slightly new twist. They do not draw strips as such but employ comic strip techniques in panel cartoons which are complete in themselves. I am thinking particularly of Jules Feiffer and Shel Silverstein.

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The ordinary comic strip is like an illustrated serialized novel, and partly for this reason Walt Kelly's pictures are considerably more detailed than either Feiffer's or Silverstein's. The characters in "Pogo" live in a province of the imagination that excludes genuine harshness. This world is a solid one, not only in its drawing, but in its depiction of character and of social relations. It presents a society of children—in the guise of animals—in which Pogo, a possum, acts as everyone's older brother. While Pogo's companions worry about lunch, he worries about them. But of course these characters are not simply—or simple—children; in their behavior they imitate the political and social trappings and contradictions of the adult world, and carry them out, *ad absurdum.*

The nearest thing to "actual" adults in "Pogo" are the caricatured political figures who frequently invade its setting, Okefenokee swamp. But they are like characters who have been imagined in the mind of a wise child. Some years ago when Bulganin and Khrushchev were traveling around Europe, Kelly depicted them in his strip as a parrot—whose only words were "Me, too"—sitting perched on the shoulder of a talkative and contradictory bear. Even the character modeled on the late Senator Joseph McCarthy—Kelly's most scathing portrait—however deceitful or intent on destruction, was not significantly dangerous. Like children, the animals in "Pogo" find it hard to concentrate for any length of time, and so, inadvertently, they reduce politicians to impotence by not paying enough attention to them.

Kelly's latest collection, *Pogo Extra,** concerns the effort to get a bug named Fremount elected President. Fremount has recently learned to sit down and to say, "Jes' fine"—attributes which his mother believes sufficient to qualify him for the Presidency. She takes a straw vote among Fremount, his aunt, and herself; Fremount wins unanimously. Porkypine says, "A sure sign . . . 100 per cent of the straw vote is perty sheer stuff"—to which Pogo responds, "S'pose they was to sample a little more?" Porky replies: "What a waste that would be . . . the point to stop a poll is when its results match your preconceived conclusions."

Because of a rumor that Fremount is an Ant Lion, and therefore a cannibal, the attempt to nominate him is dropped. (This is wholly false, however: he is a Rose Chafer by trade.) An effort is made to nominate Pogo, but he is reluctant to accept the responsibility. "It's your patriotic duty to run," Churchy La Femme tells him, "you didn't get elected either time before, did you? . . . With that kind of luck you can do it again." But the reluctant candidate remains reluctant, and eventually his friends turn their attention to fishing and other important occupations. As the book ends, Pogo says: "One thing fills me with confidence for the country's future. None of us will get elected."

But Kelly's finest achievement in "Pogo" is neither his gentle, though penetrating, political satire nor his creative and brashly entertaining way of playing with language. What he has done is to create a group of characters, deriving more from imagination than observation, who have their own independent source of vitality and appeal. We don't read Kelly for his general statements about life or society; we read him because he is funny and because he has made us care about the particular animals inhabiting Okefenokee swamp.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Jules Feiffer's wit has managed to burn most of the humanity out of his characters. Though his work has the look of a comic strip, it substitutes psychological types for characters, and turns of mind for turns of plot. He began printing these comic nightmares some years ago in the *Village Voice,* the iconoclastic Greenwich Village weekly, but the appearance of three paperback collections† extended his audience widely, and he is now published in such diverse newspapers as the New York *Post* and the London *Observer.* The individuality of his work lies not in the people he draws, nor in the bars and parties which they go to, but in the spate of language behind which they hide. He finds his subjects in the current engagements of the war between men and women, the obsessive rationalizations of the world's losers, the hypocrisy and muddleheadedness

* Simon and Schuster, 144 pp., $1.25.

† *Sick, Sick, Sick,* 96 pp., $1.50; *Passionella,* 80 pp., $1.75; *The Explainers,* 128 pp., $1.50: McGraw-Hill.

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of businessmen and government authorities, the search for socially approved nonconformity. These and other facts of contemporary life are seen under two great shadows: individual anxiety caused by a sense of deeply felt inferiority and public anxiety caused by the Bomb. Ultimately Feiffer may do more to popularize anxiety than Norman Vincent Peale has done to popularize tranquility.

The people in Feiffer's cartoons spend their time explaining and justifying themselves—not only to others but to themselves. One of their central principles—though they often do not recognize it—was articulated in Groucho Marx's famous line: "I wouldn't join a club that would have me for a member." Yet if these men and women are capable of being bugged by almost anything, they still have an inexhaustible ability to rationalize today's defeat in preparation for tomorrow's disaster. A typical character is Bernard—who can't identify with his name: "I know I would be different if people only called me by my *inside* name—'Spike.'" In another panel, a man is pictured lying rigidly on his back, trying to decide if he wants to get up; his decision, after much painful introspection, is to decide to decide if he *really* wants to rise: "Pretty soon I'll have to start probing. I'll count to three."

The characters drink, of course. "Sometimes I feel small, sometimes I feel larger than life . . . but most of the time I feel just like me—so I drink." When they are not alone, regrouping their forces, they are out in the world dissipating them. "He: 'I love you, Dorothy.' She: 'What terribly *poor judgment.*'" The heart of the problem in this and other "lovelorn" panels is that she wants not to be loved but to be taken *en passant,* while the only way he can think of gaining her love is by convincing her of the strength of his own. Here, far from being the clever strategist of masterful aloofness, the loser loses by explaining the extent of his need.

Feiffer's victims—however much they are their own worst enemies—must also contend with the man in control, the kind of person who, when asked for a raise, can maneuver his response from, "I *like* a man who knows his own worth," to, "A man who *strides* in here, and demands more money—well, that's not a happy man, Howard. Now, perhaps you would be happier somewhere else." Such sophistical villains are the men who win in Feiffer's world. It is they who organize a " 'fallout is good for you' saturation campaign" complete with a " 'Mr. and Mrs. Mutation' contest," or who happily announce a bomb "so big it will blow up everything! And it's 100 per cent *clean!*"

The world as seen by Feiffer is an intellectual and moral slum for which the "big clean bomb" is both a representative symbol and an appalling apotheosis. As his bartending lecturer on the virtue of corruption puts it, we are in a time which "publicly deplores what it privately owes its existence to." The dwellers in this slum are surrounded by a din of inverted logic and inverted morality. But they are encapsulated by their own personalities, and speak and act primarily to prove something to themselves: that they are different, that they matter, that they are capable of being loved. But they prove nothing: they are so self-absorbed that they are incapable of communication; they have parallel monologues, not conversations. Feiffer's strength is that in these characters, he has caught quite precisely the distinctive verbal and physical gestures of their prototypes—the people who, of course, compose his audience.

While Feiffer's figures crouch behind a screen of words, wondering where everyone has gone, Shel Silverstein's characters are grimly wordless, trying to duck the one blow that words cannot cushion: mutability. The battle is of man against process, and takes place not in a bar or at a party, but, literally, up and down and back across a double spread of white page. Silverstein's book *"Now here's my plan"* is subtitled "A Book of Futilities."* Thus a golfer keeps hitting *under* his ball. The hole gradually becomes a pit, the pit a crevice. The golfer, at the bottom of the crevice, hacks away through the bottom of the hole. And so out of the bottom of the cartoon slides the golfer. Or, again, "the weakling" has his girl taken away by the beach bully. By extraordinary diligence he builds himself up to double-bully size. Returning to the beach blanket, he bullies the bully. But

* Simon and Schuster, unpaginated, $1.50.

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out of nowhere the latter pulls a pistol, and the ex-weakling backs off as beaten as before. These people do not lose because of their personalities, they lose because life offers no alternative.

Silverstein's best work is done in either one of two dramatic forms. The first is a story in which the last picture is pretty much the same as the first. A man is sitting in his underwear, drinking beer, when a genie swells from his bottle and makes a bowing gesture implying, "Command me." The man commands him right back into the bottle; he wants beer, not genie. Since all change leads to greater defeat, the nearest thing to victory is to maintain the status quo. The second form is a complex design which ends simply in a dwindling away. The character in "The Quiet Man" spends his life being yelled at; in his crib by his family, in his youth by his friends and his girl, later by his sergeant, boss, and wife. Even his analyst and parrot yell at him. He slowly begins to grow smaller. A bartender, policeman, judge, and jail-guard yell; he takes on the appearance of a wizened child. Finally, a street dog barks at him, and the man shrinks and shrinks till there is nothing left lying on the ground but a coat and hat. If, in Feiffer, the Bomb shadows all events, in Silverstein, the shadow is cast by the certain facts of futility and of inevitable attrition.

RECENTLY, both Feiffer and Silverstein have said that the cartoonist they most admire is Saul Steinberg. It is worth comparing their work (as well as Kelly's) with Steinberg's, even though the latter's stems more from modern painting than from the tradition of comic strips. I would suppose that Feiffer and Silverstein hold Steinberg in such high regard at least partially because he has extended the possibilities of the cartoon. Unlike these other men, Steinberg does not communicate his ideas through either stories or conversation, but purely in visual terms. In his hands a few common (or uncommon) shapes become the sole objects of interest, and the result is a non-Euclidean geometry composed of wit and thought. Steinberg's newest book, *The Labyrinth*,* for example, presents several encounters between Steinberg and the cube. In one drawing a formally dressed, stocky man stands within a transparent cube that is neatly lettered at each corner; the man looks out at a romantic landscape, with moon, fleecy clouds, and delicately drawn vegetation. This is the entire cartoon: it would seem to be Steinberg's comment on the way civilized man relates to the natural world. In another cartoon, a stately and sensuous shape glides toward a cube and enters it; but the cube manages to digest the shape, and, triumphant, remains alone. A few pages later a solid cube is being attacked by a highly irregular curved line; it enters the cube and comes out the other side rationalized into a complex, geometric design. To consider Feiffer and Steinberg together is to realize that Feiffer is primarily a writer who illustrates his work. Steinberg's drawing is his idea; words would be as superfluous to his work as, say, to Paul Klee's. One should be wary of anthropomorphic interpretation of his work; Walt Kelly's animals are imaginary children, but when Steinberg draws a cube, it is a cube—not a square. Yet it seems to me that his visual brooding over the cube (*The Labyrinth* has a number of others) has more to say about conformity and nonconformity, and about reason and imagination than do Feiffer's more explicit satires.

In the first seven pages of the book, Steinberg comes to grips with illusion, and so with the nature of cartooning and art, by examining the possibilities inherent in being a straight line. The sequence starts out with a line drawn by an artist (who himself is drawn with lines) and in successive translations the line becomes part of a geometrical design, part of the ground under a dragon, then the horizon of a wild Egyptian scene reminiscent of Hieronymus Bosch, then the dividing line between a fairy-tale palace and its reflection in a body of water, then a washline, the top of a table, the bottom and then the top of a wall, the connection between a wall and a ceiling and then a wall and a floor. Finally it moves up the page, becomes a doodle, moves below its original level, becomes an angular maze, returns to its first position where it continues for a few inches as a line—and stops.

Those of Steinberg's cartoons which contain people make them look like mechani-

* Harper & Brothers, 256 pp., $7.50.

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cal objects, or predatory birds, or as if they were part of the angular modern furniture in which they sit. (Steinberg's line is most venomous in his drawings of women; the book swarms with women who wear grotesque faces as if they were the scars of old victories.) His clotted cities (someone has called them "motorarchies") and arid towns are appropriate settings for such misshapen humans. Steinberg obviously is not a satirist in the same sense that Kelly, Feiffer, or Silverstein are. His visual play is more profound than theirs (or any other cartoonist's), and his pictures are so aesthetically satisfying that the malice which infuses many of them delights as well as cuts.

Walt Kelly is hobbled by a pervasive compassion (which sometimes falls into sentimentality) that deprives his work of a final muscular strength, even though the strip communicates by its characterizations, plots, and language a wonderfully human delight. With Feiffer and Silverstein the humor is often so implacably cruel and pessimistic that one must look outside of it to explain its popularity entirely. Both men seem to provide a kind of masochistic pleasure that derives from seeing one's private estimate of oneself and one's own world printed for all the rest of the world to see. Their audience, conditioned by the ethos of psychoanalysis, does not miss the lack of personal compassion in Feiffer and Silverstein, but finds the most dour interpretation of personal and social behavior to be the most congenial.

Yet all four men have one thing in common: they all criticized America deeply enough to draw blood in media aimed at a widely diversified audience at a time when such criticism was remarkably rare. During the 50's when one listened to the "sick" comedians, or looked at these cartoonists, one had the feeling that one was not isolated, that there was a widespread underground recognition that things were not "jes' fine." It seems apparent now that this "underground" will continue its work in the America of the New Frontier.

David Segal, *a young critic now living in New York, here makes his first appearance in* COMMENTARY. *His reviews have also appeared in* Commonweal.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Toward a Democratic Utopia

To the Editor of Commentary:

Paul Goodman's reference to our discussion on my alleged sociological opposition to utopian planning ["Utopian Thinking," July] requires some correction—for I did not say what he attributes to me—and some comment—for this sociologist, at least, is in favor of making utopian ideas work.

Let me use the illustration from my studies in Levittown to describe my disagreement. The event to which I referred [in talking with Goodman] concerned an attempt to change the kindergarten entrance age in the public school system. Some parents who believe strongly in education wished to have their children admitted at the earlier age, because these parents want to begin as early as possible to prepare their children for an educational program that ends with attendance at a good university and either careers in the professions or intelligent motherhood. Other parents place less priority on education, view it as ending after high school, do not think about their children's eventual careers until much later—if at all—and feel that children ought to stay at home as long as possible in order to develop sufficient social and physical maturity to adjust to the school situation.

Paul Goodman reconceptualized my analysis by referring to "lower status aims" and "prestige colleges," suggesting that the differences between the two groups were those of status, status-striving, and snobbery. . . . Unfortunately, the situation is not that simple—or that venal. The differences between the two points of view . . . stem from two somewhat diverse class-cultures, each with its own ideas about parent-child relationships, parental aspirations, children's roles, and the value of education. . . .

The crucial difference between Paul Goodman's views and mine hinges on the constructive possibilities of conflict. I agree that "conflict . . . is a golden opportunity if the give-and-take can continue, if contact can be maintained." Unfortunately, people—of all classes and educational levels—do not maintain contact, and when two groups with different values come together, each tends to argue that only it is right, and that all others are wrong. The situation is then defined as an either-or issue, and becomes a power struggle which is, of course, won by the dominant group.

This process is not inevitable, and more positive conflict confrontations are possible. They could have taken place in Levittown as well, but not by shaming people, as Paul Goodman seems to suggest. It might have been possible to show the opposing sides that their differences could be traced to disagreement about rather basic values, that many of the values on both sides were justifiable even if some could not be supported by evidence, and that ways should be found of reconciling those that could be reconciled, while implementing those that could not be reconciled. The particular issue I described could in fact have been resolved by giving each side what it wanted. Usually, the resolution is not that simple. . . .

I agree that *a priori* opposition can be based on character-defense mechanisms and on vested interests, but Paul Goodman's charge in our discussion that people who reject utopian solutions act stupidly or as puppets in a conspiracy at society's top reflects only his own impatience with the political process. Again, he sets up an either-or situation when he writes that for those who oppose utopian ideas, "any hint of changing . . . the structure and folkways . . . of our society disturbs our resignation and rouses our anxiety. Cruelly, for things are well enough as they are." The implication is that those who oppose his changes therefore favor the status quo. Things are not well enough as they are, but to disagree with his proposals is not automatically a sign of resignation or anxiety. . . .

Perhaps the same person cannot be both a utopian and an implementer; and too much concern with implementation might even dry up the springs of utopian imagination and innovation. Paul Goodman has sought to be both; to be utopian and have his ideas put into action. Moreover, he wants democracy, but he also wants people to act on the basis of his values. I do not think that he can have his cake and eat it too, but I would be the first to say that if he gave

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up trying, American society and planning—utopian or otherwise—would be the poorer for it.

HERBERT J. GANS
Institute of Urban Studies
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MR. GOODMAN *writes:*

I did not "reconceptualize" Professor Gans's analysis of the Levittown school problem. What he says in his letter is just what I took him to mean. But I wanted to turn his analysis itself upside down. He speaks of the "two somewhat diverse class-cultures" as if they were ultimate data to be moderated and compromised to avoid a power struggle; but this is the very technological sociology that I am objecting to, that results in further complexity and further being out of touch. What I propose is, by *ad hominem* confrontation and socio-psychotherapy, to try to drain energy from the dynamic causes of the diverse class-cultures, namely the status-striving and *concealed* snobbery and *resentment* (my critic omits the words I here italicize). Our sociologists address the foreground of conflicts with the aim of keeping the peace; but I want us to address the background and try to evoke a better community. This is, as I say, risky; but the kind of peace that we have is at best too much of a waste of humanity and at worst it is the road to fascism and atomic death.

Let me suggest a more obvious example. Professor Gans's sociology is like a doctrine of equal but separate facilities for Negro and white, whereas it seems to me that the issue is why there is so much invested in the idea of there being different races.

Neighborliness and the common sensibility of mankind are potentially stronger than the diversity of "class-structures." I do not mean that we know what neighborliness and humanity *are:* they must be discovered and invented; and in that process we get community and living culture. When shame is reviving the neglected ideal, it is a beautiful though painful feeling; it is essential, however, that there then be practical opportunities for honor and acceptance.

My critic's last paragraph defeats me. I thought that my whole essay argued that pragmatism involved the indissoluble relation of idea-and-implementing, to give meaning at all. As if I had not argued at all, Professor Gans reiterates the theory of applied science which I called a dreary teleology and technology. What the devil does it mean to have values and *not* "want people to act on the basis of one's values"? I would not imply for a moment that those who oppose *my* changes favor the status quo; rather, our danger is that the "status quo" is undergoing violent and impractical revolution, with too few taking thought about *any* adequate changes. I regard democracy precisely *as* a value, and one that overrides many of my both lesser and loftier hopes, for—like physical health—it is a background value, a resource, a spring. Therefore in my essay I urged the increase of local initiative and competition and referendum in schools and planning, undoubtedly thereby entering the maw of parochialism and prejudice—I too have been a member of the PTA; but I said, "People might choose unwisely but they would be educated in the process, and in a fairly short run there would be better planning." (This is pure faith.) It is certainly no novelty to hold, with Jefferson, de Tocqueville, or Dewey, that the purpose of democracy is to educate its electorate. Michelet said, "Initiation, education, government are three synonymous words." But I fail to see how Professor Gans's notion of the political process—counting noses without disturbing the insides of heads—is other than the failure of democracy that we are witnessing.

Algeria, the Jews, and France

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Although I had no intention of intervening in the very interesting debate on Algeria [Ray Alan, Joseph Barry, Samuel Blumenfeld, "Algerian Independence & the Jews," June], Mr. Blumenfeld's flat statement that the FLN "last December in Algiers staged one of the worst pogroms since World War II" went far beyond what one can stand idly by and take. Pogroms are foreign to our soil, last December and every other December, back to the arrival of the Jews in Algeria. . . .

A. CHANDERLI
Permanent Representative
Algerian Front of National Liberation
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

[According to Ray Alan] Mr. Blumenfeld's statement that the 1958 revolution was "the most significant regenerative event in French history since the 1940 defeat," can be called "pure *Rivarol.*" . . . [But] if anything emerges from a reading of that hate-filled expression of pure fascism, it is a sense of how completely the [*Rivarol*]

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group despises and rejects de Gaulle and all he stands for. I am sure that Mr. Blumenfeld is praising the regeneration of France under de Gaulle and not a "squalid Algiers riot." Further, I think Alan would know this if he were not so attached to the lost cause of the embittered Mendèsist group. . . .

J. FABRE

Saint Mary's College, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Ray Alan betrays an astonishing ignorance of the facts when he reduces the significant revolution of May 13, 1958, to a "squalid Algiers riot." There are any number of authorities as well as hundreds of photographs to attest otherwise. Mr. Hal Lehrman, known to COMMENTARY readers as a reporter of integrity, was in Algiers at the time and his reaction to the events supports my opinion. Furthermore, it is not from *Rivarol* (as if that were the only pro-*Algérie française* journal in France!) that I derived my analysis of the May 13 uprising, but purely from my own investigation and understanding of what took place. I am not bound by an ideology, as is Mr. Alan, to reduce everything in French political life to left and right. Particularly in the Algerian affair, these designations are meaningless. After all, the Algerian Moslem nationalists preach a racist national socialism all their own, and if the only solution to the Jewish problem in Algeria is a mass exodus to Israel, as Mr. Alan suggests, then I would assume that the FLN's fascism is at least as dangerous as Hitler's and ought not to have Mr. Alan's support.

Furthermore, I challenge Mr. Alan to prove that such intellectually honest journals as *Carrefour, La Nation Française, Aux Ecoutes,* and *Le Journal du Parlement* (the latter two Jewish owned and edited) —all of which vigorously support French Algeria—receive financial support from any Algerian "settler organization."

Again, it is malicious and perfidious to accuse the moderate French right of disliking Jews when many of them are themselves Jews. It is also criminal to pin the fascist label on all of Algeria's Europeans. . . .

Permit me to quote from Albert Camus who I think even Mr. Alan would concede was not a neo-fascist dupe. This is taken from a preface to *"Actuelles III"* (April 1958): "An Algeria constituted in federal states and linked to France appears to me, without comparison, preferable, in consideration of mere justice, to an Algeria linked to the Islam empire, which would create within the Arab people merely an increase of misery and suffering, besides tearing the Algerian French population apart from its natural fatherland."

. . . As for Mr. Barry, I am afraid that he lives in a dream world all his own. Mr. Alan at least suggests that the Jews get out of Algeria should the French leave. Mr. Barry doesn't even think there would be any danger at all for Jews in a Moslem Algeria. Fortunately, Algerian Jews think otherwise and have decided to class themselves in the same category with the French settlers (*Jewish Chronicle,* June 2, 1961). This should finally end all speculation as to where Jewish interests lie in Algeria. . . .

As for Mr. Barry's equating the FLN's terrorism to Zionist terrorism in Palestine, I can only say that terrorism as a weapon against the enemy is one thing; terrorism used against one's own people is something else entirely.

SAMUEL L. BLUMENFELD

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I have read attentively though belatedly the two original articles by Alan and Barry ["Algeria & the Fifth Republic," January] and must say that both gentlemen have set down their personal likes and dislikes in guise of commentary and report on the situation in Algeria and France. . . .

I have known Algeria since before World War II, and my contacts there have been and still are both business and social. . . . (Let me note here that I was for many years the correspondent in France for the *New Leader.*). . . I would say that there is no more anti-Semitism in France and Algeria, probably much less, than here in the United States. And just as anti-Jewish feeling knows no political boundaries in our country, so it does not elsewhere. If Mr. Alan or Mr. Barry knew Paris before World War II, they may have heard some highly-placed partisans of the Paul-Faurist faction of the SFIO refer slurringly to the "Bretons"—*"pour ne pas dire 'des juifs,'"* as a Paul-Faurist friend explained to me. . . .

Now for the other side of the coin. In June 1953, in the region of Oran, well before the start of the rebellion, I dined as the guest of three businessmen, a Moslem, a Jew, and a Catholic, three close friends from early childhood, devout followers of their particular religions, each of whom had a natural respect for the belief of the others. In the restaurant, the Moslem specified he

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wanted no *hors d'oeuvres* made from pork and no wine . . .; the Jew ruled out pork for himself; and the Catholic, as it was a Friday, would have no meat at all. . . . They saw nothing strange in all of this, nor did the waiter. . . .

It may be said that one incident proves nothing. But it seems to me that both Mr. Alan and Mr. Barry are so wound up in their emotional "intellectualism" that nothing they do not want to believe could be proven to them.

BENJAMIN PROTTER

New York City

Reformers and a Liberal

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel P. Moynihan's article on New York Democratic bosses and reformers in your June issue [" 'Bosses' and 'Reformers' "] is an interesting attempt to deal with the contest between these forces in terms of an ethnic and religious conflict, Jewish reformers versus Irish Catholic regulars.

However, Mr. Moynihan errs in several respects. He indicates that the reform movement is a phenomenon of the post-New Dealers (1952). Actually it began in 1949. The Roosevelt-Lehman-Finletter leadership of which Mr. Moynihan writes did not become significant until 1959, after the reformers had been in business for a decade.

Mr. Moynihan's analysis also neglects the ideological differences between the two factions. The reformers seek to change the nature of the Democratic party by encouraging widespread participation in Assembly District Clubs, the basis of the party's structure. This would presumably make the party more responsible to its members and less the property of individuals and cliques. . . .

Finally, Mr. Moynihan fails to discuss two increasingly significant ethnic groups in New York City—Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The regulars have been unable to work with these groups on any consistent basis. The reformers' ability to do so may well determine the long-range success or failure of their movement.

JAMES S. OTTENBERG

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article by Daniel Moynihan is interesting and thought-provoking. The part, however, containing the description of Peter J. Crotty is so completely inaccurate . . . that it causes this reader to question the accuracy of the entire article. . . .

To my knowledge, Mr. Moynihan is the first writer who has ever publicly accused Mr. Crotty of being a liberal of any kind. The statement that the Liberal party's refusal to endorse Crotty was for "visceral" rather than logical reasons is about on a par with the rest of the material concerning Mr. Crotty. . . .

RICHARD LIPSITZ

Buffalo, New York

The Senseless Death

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Hans J. Morgenthau presents his outline of apocalyptic despair ["Death in the Nuclear Age," September] from a point of view which to the modern mind would appear completely sound, realistic, and logically irrefutable. For he appears to speak not in the traditional language of uninformed baseless optimism, but in the new terminology of modern clear thinking. The old poetic cry of "abandon hope all ye who enter here" is now reinforced with the unimpeachable authority of $E = mc^2$.

What does he say? The imminent possibility of mass death, or even total world death, has terminated all hope of an individual's dignified human reaction to his own death, since man can only find . . . meaning in his living in the prospect of a social tradition to which he can contribute. . . .

From the point of actual experience, there is no essential difference in the future prospects of a small band of embattled men, cruelly besieged by barbaric legions in the walled settlements of Biblical days, and the situation of millions anxiously awaiting atomic annihilation in our industrial societies. Yet the Biblical stories have been preserved to demonstrate a meaning other than that of complete defeat. . . . Our traditional religions are based upon the basic principle that man should be primarily concerned with the purpose he represents. The meaning of man's existence is thus not to be found in the evanescent social constructions constantly appearing in the course of human history, but in the difficult grasping of a significant relationship to the ultimate principle of the great reality. . . .

HAROLD KORETZ

Avoca, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Does Professor Morgenthau mean to say that there is no sense in standing up against blackmailers threatening with annihilation because there will be no one left to remem-

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ber our bravery? Quotations are trite, so let's omit Patrick Henry; but I believe we better vanish altogether into oblivion than be remembered by our progeny with a curse —that fathers sired in freedom abandoned their offspring to become objects of tyranny.

J. S. OESTREICHER

Bronx, New York

Kudos

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Hugh Nissenson's article, "Israel During the Trial" [July], was fascinating . . . and said much with few words. . . . It shook me out of the characteristic apathy one falls into. . . .

MYRA MENSH

Washington, D. C.

Covenant Theology

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Many thanks to Eugene B. Borowitz and COMMENTARY for the article "Crisis Theology and the Jewish Community" (July). His discussion is most stimulating, especially in contrast to the pap which passes for Jewish theology in much of the Jewish press. . . . [But] the name of Solomon Schechter should have been evoked. For what is Covenant theology as presented by Dr. Borowitz but an effort to tie in all the elements of Schechter's "Catholic Israel"? . . .

MORTON B. KRECHMER

Stewartstown, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Eugene B. Borowitz has made a real contribution by showing that the Herberg-Fackenheim response to Irving Kristol's challenge is dead. I am also impressed with the clarity of his exposition of the Covenant theology. For both these contributions to the existentialist-reconstructionist debate I am really grateful.

I myself think that the Covenant theology is as obsolete as the Herberg-Fackenheim "response." Existentialism itself—or rather the various existentialisms of, say, Heidegger, Jaspers, Sartre, Berdyaev, Marcel—may be ready for the designation *ein ueberwundener Standpunkt*. F. H. Heinemann in *Existentialism and the Modern Predicament*, speaking from the inside of existentialism, seems to be saying just that. . . .

MEIR BEN-HORIN
Professor of Education

Dropsie College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Hooray for Eugene B. Borowitz . . . who writes that "the central task of modern Judaism, according to this theology, is to win the conscious, willed loyalty of the modern Jew to the Covenant." . . .

As Dr. Borowitz claims, this Covenant theology may be a new theology, but the Covenant itself is approximately 4,000 years old. . . . Its intention was that the people of Israel were to remain a nation no matter in what country they happened to be living. . . . According to the Covenant, the remnant of Israel has a destiny to fulfill; but how is this destiny to be fulfilled if we persist in an Israel-Jewish dichotomy? May this "new Covenant theology" prosper, but let it also meet the terms of the Covenant and behave according to its dictates.

L. GRUBER

Purdue University
West Lafayette, Indiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found Eugene B. Borowitz's article interesting and serious. However it seems to me to be lacking in at least three respects. In the first place he never defines the notion of sin, and hence I don't know what it is that he is or is not taking seriously. Secondly, I don't know what the meaning of "covenant" and "mitzvah" amount to if various groups can define them or specify them any way they want. Thirdly, I doubt that Borowitz can come up with any specific consequences for social action (other than action for the Jewish community) which will seriously differ from the proposals that would be made by the secularists he denounces. If indeed the last is the case, then Covenant theology is not a general guide—or at any rate not a distinctive one—for action other than action on the Jewish scene, and hence it is a very limited set of ideas.

In all of this I take it for granted that we allow Borowitz not to pose the question about the truth or falsity of his main proposition. By this I don't mean to raise the old question about naturalism, but the older one about the meaning of theology. I would especially want to know whether Borowitz and his group seriously entertain the view that the idea of the Covenant is to be interpreted literally, or equally seriously, only metaphorically. And if the latter, they should be explicit not simply for the sake of clarity but also to see how seriously Jews take theology.

I finally want to mention that Borowitz's article contains some phrases which on his

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own account are meaningless, e.g., "redeem history"—and some horrible views about God—e.g., He will *decimate* those who don't keep His Covenant.

All in all, I think that Covenant theology is just a little too good to be true. It says that we owe a debt to God because we contracted it, and we will be punished—but not too much—if we don't. And the utopian thinking about the end of time is not for me.

SIDNEY MORGENBESSER
Department of Philosophy
Columbia University
New York City

RABBI BOROWITZ *writes:*

Mr. Morgenbesser has responded to my article with many of the challenges that both naturalism and linguistic philosophy have thrown at religion in recent years. His queries require a book, not a letter, in response, and I hope that those who take the theology of the Covenant seriously will more than satisfy his request. One thing can be stated with certainty: they are not unaware of the technical questions which stand in the way of their quest, but believe satisfactory responses are or will be forthcoming.

Still, the questions are entitled to some answer here even if it must be brief. Judaism considers theology *agada* and not *halacha*; hence Jewish theological language is agadic. It cannot speak denotatively or rigorously and admits of contradiction and paradox between speakers who do not require their resolution as they do in halachic discourse. It is symbolic speech because what it seeks to speak about is ultimately inexpressible, yet the tradition has felt that such speech was not only necessary and useful but could serve the purpose of meaningful if not precise communication.

Such meaning was possible because men stand in the same relation to God (under the Covenants of Noah or Abraham) and may refer their speech to that relationship. It is important to understand that Covenant theology is essentially relational, not conceptual or functional, though obviously intellect and action are critical to it. Hence sin is an offense against the relation as mitzvah is its fulfillment, though the content of both may vary from person to person, as ritual matters most easily make clear. Still, as the relationship is seen as a people's relationship (in which the individual shares), should American Jews achieve some cultural stability, even the ritual expression of this relationship might find some objective consistency.

It is too early to say yet whether this point of view can produce new ideas for general living. It is clear that its concern is *not* parochial; culture and state are legitimate concerns both in this system and to its adherents. Indeed, considering that the Covenant of Abraham finds its meaning within that Covenant made with Noah, there is a decided universal as well as communal content to the position. But commitment to the Covenant of Abraham requires that priority be given to it, particularly as one sees the present situation of the Jewish community. From this core devotion, the Jew moves out to all men and their mutual problems.

But even if Covenant theology does not inspire ideas different from those of other religious groups, or even of secularists, does that make it any the less significant? This intellectual effort is concerned with thinking through the ground of value judgments. It is true that the judgments which result may be the same as those stemming from other bases. . . . The issue is not simply different proposals, but adequacy and comprehensiveness of judgment. The least the religious man can do is to think through his basis in faith and to understand how it affects his judgment—and in the case of modern America there is good reason to believe that much of the secularism of the contemporary Jewish intellectual-liberal is camouflage for a displaced commitment to Israel's Covenant.

Finally, it is good that those who try to take theology seriously may once again be considered worthy of the professional philosopher's concern. A little conversation would be good for both. . . . But it would be helpful in the course of such conversation if the will-to-understand were present. I did not say God would decimate those who do not keep the Covenant nor did I attack secularism, though I did restate Kristol's attack on salvation-through-politics, which is another thing. I did say that Judaism had a hope-despite-realism—and I would like to know what words like hope, courage, love, and even faith mean in the real as distinguished from the professional life of philosophers. If there is a willingness to understand and to share, professors of Judaism can yet learn much from Jewish professors.

On Aid to Parochial Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Messrs. van den Haag and Handlin ["A Debate on Federal Aid to Parochial Schools," July] have succeeded in discussing aid to religious schools at great length without touching on a single one of the major social questions involved, *viz.:*

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(1) Do existing religious schools differ from public schools in desirable ways?

(2) Would subsidies tend to improve their quality or merely increase their size?

(3) Would the availabilitiy of subsidies encourage the proliferation of private schools segregated on the basis of religion, class, intellect, and race? If so, would the no longer representative public schools be able to fulfill their traditional functions? Would social fluidity and intergroup communication be reduced? Would the range of value systems and styles of living known to the individual child be broadened or narrowed?

(4) In the light of our experience with pressure groups and European experience with pressure groups and with religious school subsidies, what effects might be anticipated in our political life? . . .

VICTOR FOX

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

[To determine] whether large amounts of public money should be allocated to Catholic schools, which is the real question, requires some analysis of the Catholic establishment and its functioning in this country, because that is what taxpayers are called upon to strengthen. . . . Are Catholic parochial schools really a pluralist asset of our republic, so that attendance therein should be encouraged by the allocation of public funds? . . . Indeed, it is generally known that the difficulties presently encountered by Catholic authorities in obtaining reasonably competent teachers far exceed even those of the public school sector. Should we add to the latter by subsidizing Catholic schools, where the existence of two separate school systems in many communities, one of which is organized in total disregard of public needs, already poses a heavy burden? . . .

ALBERT HADDOCK, JR.

Tarrytown, New York

Criticizing Mass Culture

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Louis Kronenberger implies by his title ["Fashions in Vulgarity," July] that he is investigating something whose form changes but whose essence doesn't, like clothes. In spite of this error of lumping various kinds of behavior together by calling them by the same name, his article is interesting as a study of the changing connotations of a word—but only until it becomes evident that the historical preliminaries are merely a facade for another conventional criticism of American Mass Culture. Now I don't think much of AMC either, but I am beginning to see that it yields profit not only for its vendors, but also for writers who criticize it in print. . . .

IVAN RAINER

San Francisco, California

Israel and Others

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am grateful to COMMENTARY for the amount of review space allotted to my book *Israel: A Blessing and a Curse* [Lucy S. Dawidowicz, July]; also to the reviewer for the merits she finds in it. On the political issues, however, I find that Mrs. Dawidowicz has done less than justice to my presentation.

A book of this nature does, I grant, present problems. It could not but give rise to (a) wounded feelings in many quarters and (b) organized opposition at the "political machine" level. . . . The two topics involved are (1) the political relationship between Israel and American Jews, (2) the Arab refugee problem. . . .

In the case of the Arab refugees, Mrs. Dawidowicz dismisses me with a wand. I am less of a realist, she says, than Menachem Mendel, Sholom Aleichem's classical *luftmensch*. . . . Applying also, it would seem, to President Kennedy and Senator Fulbright, since they have expressed views not so dissimilar.

That, however, is minor. It is in the other realm—the political relationship between Israel and American Jews—that the reviewer performs her most wondrous dialectical acrobatics.

Her root argument is that any non-Jew is beyond his depth in such matters. Here she refers to an "additional dimension" of Jewishness, which is not religious, and which "eludes definition and comparison." . . . Then, by way of illustration, she conjures up this wildly far-fetched parallel: (a) the competence of a stage director, if a white man, to advise Negro actors how to evoke characteristically Negro attitudes; (b) the competence of any Christian soever to discuss the political aspects of Zionism.

The implication, in summary, is this. There is a mystical (yet not religious) bond uniting all Jews and, *ipso facto*, conferring special political rights upon a world group. And, although the exercise of those rights may affect non-Jews, the latter must not

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question them, because they lack the means of understanding. . . .

Just as if it were all a purely ethical issue with no politics involved, Mrs. Dawidowicz, discussing the Israel-American Jewish relationship, summons universal truth as her witness. "It is hard," she writes, "to find anything attractive or morally elevating in denying affection and support to those we feel close to. . . . Nor is any positive value to be gained from denying or denigrating that relationship, however attenuated it becomes."

Here we have an emotionally-charged utterance of generalizations so broad as to be completely meaningless in this context. As the reviewer must know, it can be most reprehensible, under some circumstances, to go looking after one's own; modern civilization, in particular, demands that such activity be kept within certain well-understood limits. And my theme was whether, in the relations between American Jews and Israel, those limits had been exceeded. . . .

Finally, Mrs. Dawidowicz expresses confidence that any apparent irregularities in the Israel-American Jewish relationship will wither away "if the Arabs can be induced to make peace with Israel." But she omits to mention my insistence—explained in full—that Israel's present policies are not especially conducive to peace.

The worst of all this is that these propaganda elements are woven in so as not to be glaringly apparent on first reading.

HEDLEY V. COOKE

Southborough, England

MRS. DAWIDOWICZ *writes:*

Mr. Cooke disappoints me. Because I disagreed with him, he thinks I must be an agent of the Enemy.

As for the Arab refugees, Mr. Cooke assumes that since his somewhat less than realistic reasoning amused me, I must disagree with the solution. He may be surprised to learn that many Jews believe Israel has moral and practical obligations toward the Arab refugees—involving both compensation and some repatriation. But the key to the solution is the transfer of about two-thirds of the refugee population, not Israel's willingness to repatriate a comparatively small proportion. Mr. Cooke's numbers game was a poor substitute for hard thinking.

As for the relations between American Jews and Israel, I must repeat: Mr. Cooke ought to stop lecturing Jews on their sense of Jewish kinship. I called this kinship "peoplehood," hardly a mystical relationship. Mr. Cooke thinks in such conventional West European terms of state, religion, and nationality that the idea of peoplehood seems occult to him. Ties among Jews of a common history, culture, and tradition are perhaps even stronger than ties of religion. And Jews also have a sense of a common fate. The treatment a mere twenty years ago by many European countries of their Jewish citizens is a case in point.

Mr. Cooke hints broadly that people with such kinship ties will sell out their countries to Israel. I'm sure he doesn't really believe this in his calmer moments. Israel is, besides being a sovereign state, also a Jewish community. American Jews (as Jews elsewhere) want this community to be secure. Their efforts on behalf of Israel are, for all who care to look, designed to help Israel economically and defensively. This scarcely seems subversive and certainly not improper. I have the distinct impression that the United States has quite clearly, in word and deed, expressed itself in favor of preserving Israel's existence and helping it grow. If the time comes when the Arabs cease threatening to obliterate Israel and agree to live in peace with it, then American Jews will not be much absorbed by Israel's affairs.

Mr. Cooke's comment in reference to relations between American Jews and Israel—that Israel's policies are not especially conducive to peace—leads me to suspect it is not the lobbying that Mr. Cooke finds improper. It is that Jews are pro-Israel rather than anti-Israel.

The End of Diplomacy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Foreign Policy and the American Mind" [September], Robert A. Nisbet writes: "It is a truth often uttered that war is an extension of foreign policy."

That is not a truth. It may well have been in the time of von Clausewitz, but no longer. War is, instead, the breakdown of whatever diplomatic policy we may presently have. . . .

STANLEY FROUD

New York City

Whose Canada?

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The title of Mr. Mordecai Richler's article, "Their Canada and Mine" [August], is an apt one, yet the meaning is somewhat hazy. While it is obvious which Canada the "mine" is, which is the "their?" Mr. Richler seems to feel that "his" Canada represents

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the mainstream of Jewish life in that country, an idea which I find . . . untrue. . . .

In 1878 my great-grandfather left Russia and arrived in Winnipeg, then a small town, where he opened a store. During the next twenty years the small Jewish community prospered, and more than one new synagogue was organized. By 1900 my grandfather had been made a justice of the peace, and in 1905 he became the first Jew elected to office in Western Canada, as an alderman in Winnipeg. His sister graduated from the University of Manitoba during the 1890's.

Mr. Richler refers to the "outside world, 'their' Canada" and then talks about professional sports as an example of this. He mentions certain athletes as if they were the first Jewish professionals in Canadian sports, yet my uncle played professional hockey in the 1920's, before either Mr. Richler or myself were born.

I found this article absorbing and interesting. Mr. Richler manages to create with words his world and its atmosphere. My only point is that other Jews, many of them, arrived in Canada before this time and created a Jewish life in Canada rather unlike the Montreal "ghetto" described by him.

PAUL H. SILVERSTONE

New York City

Jewishness & Younger Writers

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Benjamin DeMott ["Letters from Readers," August] interprets your recent symposium as another "indication" that the "new generation" of American intellectual Jews cannot relate themselves to the Jewish traditions that nourished Isaac Bashevis Singer, Isaac Peretz, and Sholom Aleichem. He suggests Emerson instead.

Your symposium, obviously flawed by a denial of intellectual status to Jews who *do* in fact relate themselves to traditional Jewish thought and ways, was a sad but realistic portrait. It was, in its one-sided way, a fact. Mr. DeMott's suggestion is to my knowledge absolutely false; no matter how true it may seem—and indeed be—of some younger Jewish writers in this country, it is factually erroneous as to others and necessarily invalid as a critical generalization. Mr. DeMott has not read enough of the prose of Cynthia Ozick; not enough of it has yet been published and, at thirty-three, Miss Ozick is perhaps still too new a generation to have established herself. Mr. DeMott has not read enough of the poetry of Florence Victor—some of it, I believe, once printed in COMMENTARY's pages. . . . Mr. DeMott cannot have read my recent, very unpublished poem, "Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in America": its 1,600-odd lines might interest him, since I think the work shows a clear preference for Judaica rather than home-grown adaptations of Emerson or "the rich radical vein of the American past."

May I suggest to Mr. DeMott that Eugene Debs is very dead, and so are six million of Europe's Jews, and that these facts not only can be juxtaposed but have already been fused into the brain and bone of more young Jewish intellectuals than he knows? There is no need to suggest this to COMMENTARY, which knows it, but wishes it didn't.

BURTON RAFFEL

New York City

One View of Social Service

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's "somewhat condensed" excerpts from my book *Social Work and Jewish Values* in your August issue ["Some Recent Jewish Books"] more than somewhat distorted my views. Because many of them are novel and some radically opposed to prevailing opinion, his listing them without the arguments and documentation by which they are justified allows Mr. Himmelfarb to achieve an apparent *reductio ad absurdum*. However, that they are not absurd when in context is evidenced by their reception from the field of Jewish communal service (for example, see the review in the *Journal of Jewish Communal Service*, Vol. XXXVII). This is not meant to imply that my work has been universally acclaimed, but it has been welcomed as a significant contribution to the subject by a number of those most conversant with its complexities. Hopefully, your readers have been encouraged to turn to the book itself by the excerpts which, even in the disjointed when not truncated state they were presented, reflect an all-too-rarely expressed humanistic, critical approach to Jewish life. But for those who do not, I wish to make it clear that, despite Mr. Himmelfarb's implications to the contrary, it advocates *a*—not *the*—traditional Jewish value orientation for Jewish social service and, while critical of certain anti-democratic components of Jewish theology, maintains that the synagogue, in all its denominational forms, is a dominantly democratic institution.

ALFRED J. KUTZIK

Boston, Massachusetts

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HOT-RODS AND QUESTIONNAIRES

THE ADOLESCENT SOCIETY. By James S. COLEMAN. *The Free Press. 337 pp. $6.95.*
VALUES AND IDEALS OF AMERICAN YOUTH. Edited by ELI GINZBERG. *Columbia University Press. 338 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

THESE TWO WORKS are further evidence of the intense concern that behavioral scientists and makers of public policy have been showing for several years about the values of American youth. They continue the trend that became conspicuous in 1957 with the publication of the Jacobs report, *Changing Values in College,* and that has produced as its high point so far Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd.* This is all that these two books have in common. Coleman's work is a large-scale empirical study; Ginzberg's is a set of twenty-two unrelated papers either prepared as background for or presented at last year's White House Conference on Children and Youth.

Yet perhaps there is one more, subtle common quality. Both books show more concern about youth than interest in it. There is no manifest delight in youngsters and in the workings of their lives in society—the sort of thing that makes it so clear that C. P. Snow, say, is *interested* in administration even when he is appalled by it. This quality of being "with it" is certainly not inconsistent with scientific rigor and detachment; it is one of the distinguishing marks of great scientific work. And it has nothing to do with whether one is writing for a technical audience or a general readership: Coleman's style, as such, is exceptionally lucid and clear, though his book is completely a formal research report. But in spite of this, it is difficult to follow because it is difficult to keep in mind what it is *about.* What it is about has got into his hot-rod and driven away with his girlfriend, smelling so strongly of athlete's rub-down that she will never again think of wintergreen as a flavoring for children's candy. Indeed, we do not follow.

The Adolescent Society is solid, substantial sociology. Coleman enlisted the cooperation of nine public high schools in suburbs and towns around Chicago, and a Catholic boys' high school in the city itself. The schools were carefully selected to represent the various kinds of communities one finds throughout the country, so that a variety of possible social climates could be studied. This yields him a sample of about four thousand boys and four thousand girls, which is huge for a study of this kind.

His staff spent about a fortnight at each school administering a 175-item questionnaire and taking data about each student from school records in the fall of 1957 and again in the spring of 1958. There were "informal interviews with a number of students in each school," but these were not treated systematically, though they are occasionally quoted illustratively in the book.

The Adolescent Society, then, is essentially an intricate analysis of what these questionnaires—along with school data as to grades, IQ, attendance, and such—reveal about the values and patterns of social interaction characteristic of the students in these ten schools. In short, Coleman finds:

> Our adolescents today are cut off, probably more than ever before, from the adult society. They are still oriented toward fulfilling their parents' desires, but they look very much to their peers for approval as well. Consequently, our society has within its midst a set of small teen-age societies, which focus teen-age interests and attitudes on things far removed from adult responsibilities, and which may develop standards that lead away from those goals established by the larger society.
>
> . . . efforts can be made to redirect the whole society of adolescence itself, so that *it* comes to motivate the child in directions sought by the adult society.

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This is partly an inference from his data, and partly a recommendation based on them. The recommendation is practical enough; disc-jockeys and dope pushers make a living by following it. Coleman believes that the adolescent societies *selectively* adopt the trashier and more superficial components of American adult life because they work these into a pattern of living that is their own, while they reject more mature patterns of behavior that find no social basis in their irresponsible community.

This is to be remedied by organizing the more mature values which the adult society officially supports in such a way that they become sources of status within the adolescent society instead of being forced to compete from the outside with the values the youngsters have endorsed for themselves. Coleman recommends, for example, that externally-judged regional competitions be held in the various academic fields so that the youngsters would feel that they were winning for the school—that is, their own group—rather than taking time off from it to study. He recommends the use of computer games to stimulate the problems of adult life in classroom instruction: "Computer games can be used in schools as they have already been used in management training to provide this practice—to condition [*sic*] him to the world he must face." The concluding sentences of the book read: "To put the matter briefly, if secondary education is to be successful, it must successfully compete with cars and sports and social activities for the adolescents' attention in the open market. The adolescent is no longer a child, but will spend his energy in the ways he sees fit. It is up to the adult society to so structure secondary education that it captures this energy."

Quite apart from the question of whether we adults have any moral basis for feeling so superior—or being so manipulative—Coleman's methodology leads to extremely serious problems of interpretation. His questionnaire data just do not seem to tell us the *kind* of thing we need to know in order to decide whether his arguments are convincing.

Through nearly all his sample, Coleman finds that "personality" and "reputation" are what youngsters feel get them into "leading crowds" in schools. Athletic ability is most highly prized in boys, popularity or recognition as a social leader for girls; these are what they want to be remembered for. In most of the schools, cars are very important to the boys. The superficiality of all this he finds objectionable; and he interprets it as evidence that the adolescent society has come between the youngsters and the scholarly purposes of the school, which it ignores or rejects. One theme that gives the work unity is the superiority of athletics to scholarship by every criterion of the adolescent society, whether as a source of status, self-esteem, or just plain visibility. This finding is so much emphasized that it is convenient and economical to focus on it as illustrative of the interpretive difficulties that arise.

Some of the items of the questionnaire on which Coleman's conclusions draw most heavily are worded in such a way that the kids have no chance to be much less superficial. Boys were asked "If you could be any of these things you wanted, which would you most want to be?" The choice *given*, and the percentages making each choice, were: jet pilot, 31 per cent; nationally famous athlete, 37 per cent; missionary, 6 per cent; and atomic scientist, 26 per cent. For girls, the corresponding choices were: actress or artist, 19 per cent; nurse, 26 per cent; model, 34 per cent; schoolteacher, 21 per cent. Coleman cites this as evidence that the kids go for glamor. But this is unfair. Not only is the wording of the question an invitation to a daydream choice, the choices given do not include anything creative in a humanistic way. I would rather be a nationally famous athlete than the other three myself; one does no harm to subject peoples, and Congressional committees assume that athletes are patriotic Americans, which is a convenience. And the girls can only express a dream of high status in "glamor" terms because the other high-status roles in our society are not distinctively feminine and Coleman did not list them. If any of these kids wants to be a Supreme Court justice, or a poet, he didn't get a chance to say so.

Similarly, the boys are asked "Which of the items below fit most of the *girls* here at school? (Check as many as apply): friendly, catty, hard-to-get-to-know, mad about clothes, active around school, boy-

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crazy, studious, out for a good time, and snobbish to girls outside their group." Another item for boys reads: "Suppose you had a chance to go out with either a cheerleader, or a girl who is the best student in class, or the best-looking girl in class. Which one would you rather go out with?" For girls, "star athlete" replaces "cheerleader." The good student comes in a poor third, with good looks and athletic ability overlapping in the data and perhaps in the minds of the youngsters. But Socrates himself would have had a particularly hard time figuring out what to do with this question.

Coleman does establish beyond a doubt that the image of the athlete is far more highly esteemed throughout his sample than that of the scholar or good student, and his recommendations are designed to correct the value system that such preferences represent. "If the bright scholar is no longer merely a grind working for good grades, but becomes the captain in brilliant moves of strategy or discovery (as he is in the adult world), then his image will again become an attractive one." In view of the time it takes to print and distribute a book, this statement must almost certainly have been written during the Eisenhower administration.

I would submit that, interpreted in their total relationship to American society, Coleman's findings may be more a credit to the adolescent society than an indictment of it. He himself points out that the top achievers in the American high school are probably very far from being the ablest youngsters, because the brightest and most perceptive quickly learn to shun this particular competition. He also cites the recent and highly suggestive findings of Getzels and Jackson that teachers prefer youngsters who manifest their ability in conventional rather than creative ways. Coleman's policy proposals are intended to improve just these matters; but it is the level and conception of scholarship the youngsters have actually experienced in the high school as it now is that have led them to rate it way below athletics.

For in their experience sports are at least real and manly; the competences they demand are true competences. They are a lot less likely to be phony than the scholarship. I have seen boys from a tiny Louisiana high school, who had just defeated a major city high school team in a basketball tournament, come striding out of their locker room after the game, dressed once more in their farming clothes, and they looked magnificent. A girl who would not have dated one of them at that moment would have had to be singularly unimaginative. I have never seen these boys as they come out of their class in "Problems of Democracy," if they have one in their segregated high school, but I expect they look sheepish. They seemed to be the kind of boys who would know when they had been cheated.

Even within adult society, un-Greek as we are, athletics retains its place in the unconscious as something genuine and comparatively pure. When basketball players sell out, the public is shocked. When business executives are indicted for collusion, it is wearily amused. Coleman makes a far better case for the isolation of the adolescent society than he does for its triviality. Both its isolation and its triviality are largely responses to the greater triviality and corruption of much of our adult society. Their isolation is but an imperfect defense against our triviality; but it is the best they have, and the only way "teen-agers" have of gaining a little time and space in which to work out such meanings as their lives possess. I am reluctant to see this defense breached.

I AM AFRAID Ginzberg's *Values and Ideals of American Youth* exemplifies some of the kinds of compromise that I think drive adolescents to take refuge in athletics. The volume has something of the character of an all-star spectacular to promote interest in a worthy cause. The title is grossly misleading; most of the papers included in it have nothing specific to do with the values and ideals of American youth. Many of them, simply as papers, are nevertheless excellent. The best of them are either summaries of current research in their author's special field of competence or—as in the papers by Urie Bronfenbrenner and by Margaret Mead—thoughtful and original analyses of the implications of such research for character and personality development in adolescents and young adults. Few of the contributors bother to be that analytical; they describe developments in their specialties.

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The book is divided into three major parts: Development and Adaptability, Problem Areas, and Values in Transition. This last is most closely related to what the title promises, and is least empirical. Some of the authors don't know how to behave themselves in a universe of subjective discourse, and celebrate their freedom from the need to be scientific by writing campaign oratory like:

> A decision made in the area of the moral should be a true decision based on the eternal verities. Since democracy is predicated on the ability of an individual to make choices based on reason, the fate of democracy will be determined by the success we have in creating decision-making values that are ethical, meaningful, consistent, and consciously chosen.

But some of them use the occasion of the Conference to write compassionately of youth and to express a sensitive general understanding of the social sources of its plight. One of these papers, that of Joseph Sittler on "The Interior Aspects of Change," is notable.

What is wholly lacking in the volume—besides focus—is the kind of thoughtful analysis of values in their human context that is neither empirical nor normative, but critical and heuristic. Perhaps one cannot be heuristic at a White House Conference without causing widespread embarrassment. But I suspect that an R. H. Tawney, or a Karl Mannheim, or a Harry Stack Sullivan could have managed it. The writings of such men are as daring and as disciplined in their handling of ideas as in their handling of data, though they are very careful not to confuse the two.

In neither of these two books does the life of the adolescent as a particular human being become manifest as an *idea,* in the sense that the life of Swann or Madame Verdurin becomes manifest as an idea in *Remembrance of Things Past.* He remains a datum, and while a competent and resourceful analysis of the relationships among data, such as Coleman has made, may be very useful, what it yields is something less than a picture of the adolescent society, because the adolescent society, like Parisian society at the turn of the century, is a complex pattern of relationships among individuals.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL BEHAVIOR

THE RELIGIOUS FACTOR. By GERHARD LENSKI. *Doubleday. 381 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by MARSHALL SKLARE

DR. GERHARD LENSKI, with the publication of *The Religous Factor,* has ably fulfilled the expectations of his colleagues, who believe him to be one of the few scholars capable of making a substantial contribution to that underdeveloped discipline in American social science: the sociology of religion.

The bulk of *The Religious Factor* is devoted to testing the correctness of the view of many scholars that religion has a comparatively minor influence on politics, on economics, and on most other secular areas of modern life—a view growing out of a secularist bias. However useful that secularist bias has been in many fields of social science, its main effect on the sociology of religion has been to discourage research.

Lenski's religious piety—nowhere explicitly avowed but easily inferred from the approach of this book—leads him to the assumption that his colleagues have underplayed the effect of religion in shaping the character of our social order. His research rests firmly on the theoretical groundwork laid by European scholars, notably Max Weber. It was Weber whose skepticism about the validity of the notion of economic determinism led him to investigate religion in terms of an idea that Lenski formulates as follows: ". . . religious groups develop their own distinctive orientations toward all aspects of life and these orientations profoundly influence the daily actions of their adherents and hence the institutional structure of society." By utilizing the opinion survey, Lenski has sought to open a two-way passage between theoretical formulations about religion and data which derive from actual religious behavior and attitudes. The bulk of his material comes from the Detroit Area Study of 1958 (the DAS is a project of the Department of Sociology of the University of Michigan). In the 1958 survey, a sample of 656 Detroiters were interviewed, 41 per cent of them white Protestants, 35 per cent (white) Catholics, 15 per cent Negro Protestants, and 4 per cent Jews. Lenski has supplemented his data

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at certain points by utilizing DAS findings from pre-1958 surveys, and by interviewing Protestant and Catholic clergymen who serve churches attended by his respondents.

The advantage of the survey technique is that it provides us with "hard" data. For the sociology of religion at the present moment, this advantage is particularly useful: even the best writing in the field—the works of Will Herberg, for example—presents us with a set of very disparate facts meant to confirm a hypothesis. There has been very little consideration given in most of this writing to facts that do not reinforce an author's hypothesis, let alone a search for data that might confute it. Dr. Lenski's methodology makes it possible for the inconvenient fact to come to light.

THE RELIGIOUS FACTOR begins with an examination of the classical problem of the relation between religion and the economic order. From there, however, it goes on to take up such under-researched questions as the relation between membership in a given religious group and the following: political behavior, patterns of child-rearing, images and stereotypes held of another religious group, attitudes toward civil rights and civil liberties, and, finally, the effect of parochial education on attitudes toward the Bill of Rights. Summing up his findings in the final chapter of the book, Lenski says that his predecessors in the field have been mistaken, and that, "Socio-religious group membership is a variable comparable in importance to class, both with respect to its potency and with respect to the range, or extent, of its influence."

The wide range of findings which Lenski adduces to confirm his view cannot be covered here. Two examples which give the flavor of his work must suffice.

(1) With respect to religion and economics he finds that for Protestants positive attitudes toward work are more frequent among men holding more responsible positions while for Catholics the reverse is true. Thus it appears that Protestantism is conducive to more positive attitudes toward those positions in society which are demanding (and also more rewarding), while Catholicism is conducive to more positive attitudes toward the less demanding (and hence less rewarding) positions.

(2) In the area of religion and family life he found that among middle-class mothers 60 per cent of the white Protestants but only 47 per cent of the Catholics felt that children are burdensome to a greater or lesser degree. Futhermore, 68 per cent of these middle-class Catholic mothers regarded the experience of rearing the child as either "pleasant" or "very pleasant." By contrast, only 51 per cent of the middle-class white Protestant mothers felt this way.

In dealing with the crucial analytic problem of how to measure the degree of involvement in religion, Lenski makes a distinction between what he calls *associationalism* (attachment to a religious association as measured by attendance at religious services and at meetings of certain church-related groups) and *communalism* (attachment to a religious community as measured by degree to which social interaction of a primary type is limited to persons of one's own religion). He finds the relation between these two variables is far from perfect: those who pray together do not necessarily stay together, and vice versa. The Jews, though they seldom pray together, almost invariably stay together; the Catholics, though they frequently pray together, do not stay together with the intensity of the Jews. And the white Protestants are in the middle: they pray together less frequently than the Catholics but stay together less intensely than the Jews.

Looking at this data by generation, Lenski finds that third-and-succeeding generations of white Protestants and Catholics are more faithful in their "associationalism" (church attendance) than are second-generation members of these groups—thus providing support for Will Herberg's hypothesis that the third generation is more involved in religion than the second. (His material, however, does *not* support—except for the Jews—Herberg's hypothesis that the *second* generation is less faithful than the first.) Since the data also establish that middle-class white Protestants and Catholics have a higher degree of associationalism than working-class members of the same groups, Lenski finds every reason to believe that social and demographic trends will operate to increase continually the percentage of persons active in religious institutions.

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Surprisingly then—in view of Lenski's sympathetic view of religion—we find him expressing concern rather than gratification over this trend. Some of his concern arises from his findings among the Protestants about the essential nature of their churchgoing. He sets up two categories of orientation, *doctrinalism* (the degree of assent to prescribed religious doctrines), and *devotionalism* (the degree of seeking personal communication with God through prayer and meditation, particularly for the purpose of obtaining divine direction in daily affairs). Investigation of the incidence of each of these orientations reveals that among Catholics there is a trend both toward greater devotionalism and doctrinalism, while among Protestants—in spite of increased churchgoing—the trend is in the opposite direction. Herberg and others have noted that Americans are becoming more religious at the same time that they are becoming more secular. Lenski's methodology documents this paradox and portrays its differential impact among various religious groups. And since the data point to a peculiarly Protestant problem (no information about Jewish attitudes in this area was gathered), Lenski — as a Protestant — is especially concerned with it.

He is even more concerned, however, about the continuation, or possible growth, of something else: associationalism with communalism. He fears that continued or increased associationalism will mean continued or increased communalism. Lenski understands how communalism is encouraged even by those who—unlike East European Jews, Italian Catholics, or Swedish Lutherans—are not members of ethnic churches or national parishes:

> The great majority of people find it impossible to live entirely in a world of impersonal secondary-type relationships. They require in addition the more intimate and personal relationships which only primary groups provide. Since primary groups tend to be rewarding to the degree that those involved share common values, men are disproportionately drawn to others who share their faith.

Nevertheless, he condemns this development in no uncertain terms:

> The *raison d'être* of the church and the sub-community are not the same. . . . Sub-communities inevitably foster provincialism; churches need not invariably do this. Sub-communities foster pragmatism and expediency; churches sometimes foster idealism. . . .

Many of Lenski's conflicts stem from the fact that while being committed to the value of religion as a social institution, he is also a confirmed liberal; like many of the professors portrayed in Lazarsfeld and Thielen's *The Academic Mind,* he feels that the values of democracy and tolerance are under grave attack. He is aware that research by psychologists and sociologists has repeatedly found certain types of religious concern to be correlated with hostility toward out-groups and rejection of traditional American liberties. The end of the matter is that Lenski the sociologist of religion, Lenski the religious pietist, Lenski the Protestant, and Lenski the liberal are not at peace one with another.

Considering Lenski's view of the threat posed by communalism (or as he terms it, in a final section, "compartmentalization"), his lack of concern with the Jewish group is notable. They should be his *bête noire,* for while they pray together with almost determined infrequency, they stay together more than anyone else. Of course it can be reasoned that Jews should not be held accountable for their high rate of communalism; anti-Semitism and social exclusion make it necessary for them to find their friends among their own kind. Lenski does mention the exclusion of Jews, but the real reason that the communalism of the Jews does not worry him is that his data show them to be the most liberal group among all his respondents. For example, not a single working-class Jew describes himself as a Republican, while only one middle-class Jew does. Lenski recognizes that such an astonishing political style cannot be traced solely to the objective position of the group, or even to its subjective interpretation of that position. It is apparent that the Jewish liberal consensus rests in part upon the same process that creates consensus among other groups:

> *To the degree that such primary groups form segregated communications networks limited to the adherents of the same faith, they facilitate the develop-*

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ment and transmission of distinctive political and economic norms [italics his].

But if because of his political ideology he treats Jewish communalism benignly, the same is not at all true with regard to the Catholics. Working with the notion of intellectual heteronomy (obedience to the dictates of others) versus intellectual autonomy, he finds:

> Middle-class Catholics were the only segment of the population in which fewer members of the third generation were committed to the principle of intellectual autonomy than of the first and second generations. . . . On the basis of classical, liberal, democratic theory, the intellectual orientation of white Protestants and Jews is what is required from all citizens if we are to maintain a stable and effective democratic society. . . .

The single item in his questionnaire from which he obtains this data would hardly seem to justify the major construction he puts on it. Nor does Lenski feel that democracy is similarly threatened when it is the Protestants who are illiberal. For example, in his section on "Attitudes Toward the Welfare State" Lenski shows that the more he controls his data for class level, class origin, level of education, and family income, the wider become the differences in attitude toward the welfare state—the Catholics approving governmental activity in housing, education, and unemployment, the white Protestants looking to individual initiative for the solution of these problems. Instead of turning to an analysis of how such conservatism on the part of white Protestants may impede the maintenance of "a stable and effective democratic society," Lenski concludes his discussion by raising a more comfortable question: why it is that more middle-class Jews than working-class white Protestants and Catholics uphold the welfare state?

THE IMPERFECTIONS of *The Religious Factor* are in one sense a tribute to its author: if he were less original he would hardly have been impelled to attempt a work of this character; if he were less courageous he might not have entered a field which places such extraordinary demands upon the objectivity of the analyst. One hopes that Lenski will succeed in further clarifying the implications of concepts like associationalism and communalism, and that he will attain a more detached view of the difficulties involved in combining religious pluralism and political liberalism. In the meantime, however, *The Religious Factor* will remain a major achievement.

TENDER-MINDED FICTION

THE NEW COUNTRY: Stories from the Yiddish about Life in America. Translated by HENRY GOODMAN. *Yiddisher Kultur Farband. 520 pp. $4.75.*

Reviewed by EUGENE GOODHEART

MY REACTION to these "stories from the Yiddish about life in America" is complicated by a fact of my adolescence. I had read some of these stories and others like them in a Yiddish *schule,* and they became part of the militancy with which I—and others who shared my experience—confronted the world as a Jew and a "progressive." (Several of the writers anthologized here, in fact, taught in these *schules.*) When the stories weren't merely exercises in reading they were lessons in right action and right feeling, and as one might expect, the lessons were clear and unambiguous. We shared the exploited sweat-shop worker's indignation and his hope for a better world. If we had never experienced the terrors of immigrant loneliness and poverty, we came to know them intimately, partly through our reading of the stories and, of course, partly through our parents. I suspect that these stories satisfied the adult reader in much the same way. They consoled him in his suffering, encouraged his indignation, relieved him somewhat of his bewilderment in the New Country either by a nostalgic evocation of the Old Country or an apocalyptic vision of an earthly paradise.

The characteristic voice of the Yiddish writer in America—and we hear it in this collection—was that of a sympathetic friend or brother who had suffered like his readers. He too had lived in a tenement or worked in a sweat shop. His stories perhaps lacked the sophistication of a richer culture, but his audience was openly grateful that he had

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not evolved to that complexity of artistic utterance which might make him introspective and difficult and even alienate him from them. Henry Goodman, the editor and translator of these stories, reflects this feeling in his introduction: "Realistic as some of these writers become, the tight-lipped coldness, the clinical aloofness admired in some American and other non-Yiddish writing, are utterly out of keeping with the feeling, approach, attitude, and practice of the Yiddish writer."

I have used the past tense in characterizing the bond between the Yiddish writer and his audience because that bond is in fact a thing of the past. A reader who comes to these stories cold may indeed wonder whether many of them are stories at all. They seem more like the beginnings of stories, sketches, anecdotes, excuses for social criticism. He might respond to the naive charm of Abraham Reisin's "Rockefeller and Rothschild," in which a newly arrived immigrant and his Americanized cousin debate in a crescendo of anger the respective merits of the two millionaires. He will, of course, find pleasure in the selections from Sholom Aleichem's *Motel Pessie in America.* (Sholom Aleichem is the one indubitable genius in this collection, though he is not represented here at his best.) The reader might be somewhat astonished by the incongruous presence of a writer of such authentic power and skill as Chaimowitz, who has read Goethe and Mallarmé and combines folk wit with an exquisite responsiveness to nuances of feeling. For the most part, however, the stories are primitively conceived and executed. If they still engage the reader's interest, it is because the very primitiveness of conception and execution reflect not so much a lack of talent—there is evidence of talent even in some of the least successful stories—as a significantly characteristic inability of these writers to come to imaginative terms with the new experience.

Like the people they write about, they have not been able to disengage themselves from the feelings of bewilderment, self-pity, hysteria in order to present those feelings with the necessary detachment and freedom of art. The expense of spirit of Jewish provinciality, for instance, is recognized only by an artist like Sholom Aleichem, who is capable of seeing—through the wonderfully cruel eyes of the boy, Motel Pessie—the greenhorn for the grotesque that he is.

But the firm irony of Sholom Aleichem is not typical. One can hear as one reads the book an irritatingly persistent lament: "the faint sound of a Russian song, like smothered weeping," the insatiable regret of childless parents, the inconsolable Jew, victimized by the landlord, the boss, the oppressive heat of the city, or an ungrateful "assimilated" son. From time to time the lament is interrupted by a complaint or an outburst of indignation; the struggling poet of Chaver Paver's "Moishe the Poet" realizes, for instance, that it is not life that he should hate, but "the unjust practices in life." "There's laughter, too"—the title of Part IV of the anthology—but even in the "laughter" one can hear the wail. The range of feeling and attitude in this collection is limited by an enormous self-love, the other side of Jewish self-hatred.

Rarely is there a surprising or unpredictable turn in these stories, and "the point of view" is typically uncomplicated by a sense of the complex or ambiguous nature of experience. Thus in the stories that concern parents and children, the villain is usually the Americanized son who has become an allrightnik, while the wonderful affections and values of the older bearded generation are eulogized. Reisin's "The Americanized European" is unusual in its sympathy for the younger generation, trying to live the life of the New Country. The ferocious conflict between parents and children that has become a commonplace of American Jewish culture has its origins in part in the frightful Old Country myopia of the older generation, so lovingly rendered in these stories. What these stories lack can be found, say, in Alfred Kazin's *A Walker in the City*:

> *Our* parents, whatever affection might offhandedly be expressed between them, always had the look of being committed to something deeper than *mere* love. . . . They had met—whether in Russia or in the steerage or, like my parents, in an East Side boarding house—whatever they still thought of each other, *love* was not a word they used easily. Marriage was an institution people entered into—for all I could ever tell—only from immigrant loneliness, a need to be with one's own kind that mechanically resulted in the *family.* The *family* was a whole greater than all the individuals who made it up, yet made

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sense only in their untiring solidarity. I was perfectly sure that in my parents' minds *libbe* was something exotic and not wholly legitimate, reserved for "educated" people like their children, who were the sole end of their existence. My father and mother worked in a rage to put us above their level; they had married to make *us* possible. We were the only conceivable end to all their striving; we were their America.

There is no lack of sympathy in this passage, but there is the hardness of true observation and the presence of a person who is not exclusively defined by the world he is describing, who has the knowledge of another world in terms of which he can understand this one. It is precisely that need for "untiring solidarity" of which Kazin speaks that deprived the Yiddish writers of the freedom of standing back and judging the quality of their lives. Zalmon Libin tells a story of a writer who is bullied by the Taracan *landsleit* into doing an article for their journal. He writes the article only to find himself at the mercy of other societies of Taracans at war with the first society, each demanding in turn an article for its journal. The story is scarcely more than the summary I've just given, and it ends weakly on a note of ironic self-pity: "Obviously, you cannot satisfy everyone in the world. The natives of Taracan, all Taracans without exception, are now enemies of mine." The writer's wistful complaint is, of course, Libin's. Like the writer in the story, he does not mean to give offense. This tender-mindedness, characteristic of so many of these writers, has caused him to muff a superb opportunity for satire on the fierce clannishness of the New York *landsmanshaften* and by implication of the Jews generally.

The tender-mindedness is one form that the defensiveness of the Yiddish writer takes. His secret—and sometimes, as these stories bear witness, not so secret—wish is to reproduce the squalid security of the old way of life in America. The fear of change, the desire to hold on to the old, especially in enemy country, are among the deepest of human fears and desires. And certainly the defensiveness of the Jewish immigrant, as these stories implicitly remind us, is the other side of that wonderful tenacity with which the Jews have held on to their identity. But the failure of these writers to realize the price that was paid for this defensiveness is finally their failure to emerge from parochialism onto the field that we call world literature.

POLITICS AND REPORTAGE

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1960. By THEODORE H. WHITE. *Atheneum. 400 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by MARTIN MAYER

AN AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION must be the ideal subject for a book. It is an exceedingly odd story, a unique blend of rationality, irrelevance, and folk myth—at best a catharsis, at worst a cathartic, usually a little of both. It is one of the central mysteries of the national existence, still little understood despite a generation of investigation within and without the universities. It combines excitement and importance, a rare combination, as the pages of any day's newspaper so clearly testify. It ends, by definition, in a way guaranteed to please the majority of possible readers.

And of all people who might have been asked to write such a book, Theodore H. White was probably the ideal choice. He is a first-rate observer and skilled auditor; he organizes material admirably into a story line; he writes well; and he can resist the temptation to tell jokes. This sort of contemporary chronicle of crimes and follies can be written only by a man who is willing to take seriously such essentially ludicrous matters as Nixon's mistaken choice of make-up for the first television debate. Mr. White believes in the reality of politicians and political power; this belief may be wrong, but it is widely shared at election time.

In *The Making of the President,* Mr. White picks up the declared candidates at the moment when their commitment became irrevocable, sees Kennedy through the Wisconsin and West Virginia primaries and Nixon through the Rockefeller brouhaha, describes the conventions, runs down the physical facts of the campaigns, and ends with a visit to the new President in his new office. The book delivers the essentials promised in choice of subject and writer: it is a crackling good story, well told. In addition, it offers literally dozens of fascinating vignettes of personality at work: Nixon

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watching Kennedy's acceptance speech and saying that "he could take this man on TV"; Stevenson at the convention being informed by Mayor Daley of Chicago that "he had no support, period"; Kennedy analyzing the world and its problems, with all the certainty of a journalist, during a casual conversation in an airplane over the mountain states. Yet the book fails to strip a single veil from the mystery of the American political process. Apart from the personal vignettes, Mr. White adds almost nothing to the story as it appeared, serially, in the newspapers during the first ten months of 1960. His very seriousness of attitude—his outsider's respect for politics and politicians—has trapped him in conventionality.

The conventional view of an election is partisan, and Mr. White is aggressively pro-Kennedy. Nothing is allowed to tarnish the image. The candidate's father, for example, influences delegates by "compelling persuasions," which are never defined. Mr. White cannot bring himself to mention that Kennedy, Sr., is one of the nation's largest real-estate owners, and that most politicians make their living from real-property law or insurance. Truman, Mr. White reports, did not go to the Democratic convention: "By instinct, knowing that time had passed him by, he would not expose himself to this tide of youth." Mr. White does not report, however, that Truman had denounced Kennedy the weekend before the convention. Walter Reuther, again, waited until Kennedy had convinced him on "civil rights and union rights," but Mr. White offers no reasons why Reuther would need such convincing—neither Kennedy's refusal to take a stand on McCarthy nor his bulldozer tactics with the Landrum-Griffin bill besmirch the pages of this book.

Having been so kind to Kennedy, Mr. White in fairness must try to be equally kind to others. His partisan approach has left Nixon's back bristling with knife handles, but he finds the man very attractive—as a loser, and from a distance (Nixon refused to cooperate with Mr. White or to grant him an interview). Nixon, he writes, has been most unjustly attacked; his use of Red-baiting tactics against Helen Gahagan Douglas, for example, was merely "the ethos of the time and place where he campaigned." Humphrey, Symington, Johnson, Stevenson, Rockefeller, *et al.*—all are admirable men, excellent men, honorable men. Only Kennedy is the best, which is why he won.

Mr. White's story is always, conventionally, a contest between men; the only non-personal question of attitude or policy is one that pits "the past against the future" (which means, in effect, the loser against the winner). He never mentions the recession which was swinging into its trough—how deep a trough, no one knew—in the months of the campaign. He never seriously analyzes what the candidates or their supporters said, or why they said it. His history and economics are on a magazine level: the states are "each endowed with a separate sovereignty by the Constitution"; suburbia has only mortgages, no savings, or stock holdings or life insurance, or even equity in the mortgaged property.

On the Catholic question, which dominated the campaign, Mr. White is embarrassed. He would like to believe it unimportant; he points out that if only 38 per cent of the Protestants voted for Kennedy, as Gallup believes, they still formed more than half his 34,000,000 votes. Mr. White ignores the Kennedy-financed Simulmatics projection of the election, which, assuming that the only issues were party loyalty and religion, predicted in August a result almost exactly right, state by state. He mentions that the film of Kennedy's appearance before the ministers in Houston was shown "over and over again in both Catholic and Protestant areas," but he does not speculate on why the film was shown to Catholics—indeed, he argues that the Catholic vote "alone was *not* planned, nor was it mobilized." During the Wisconsin primary, Mr. White had briefly abandoned his reportorial role and issued a statement warning the nation against religious bigotry. Now he is willing to argue that bigotry, though a factor (he presents some remarkable district-by-district statistics), was minor "in the long sight of history," that Kennedy won because he had convinced the electorate that he and they "shared . . . a common conviction for the years ahead." Uh-huh.

Mr. White's conventionality is most distressing, however, in technical matters. His is the technique of the proscenium stage—illumination cast evenly, as though by footlights; the scene always set with furniture;

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the personae existing only here and now, while on the stage. Nothing can be allowed to interfere with the spinning out of the plot. *The Making of the President* was published at about the same time as Sybille Bedford's *The Faces of Justice,* and comparison of the two leads the reader of both to wish that Mr. White had just a little of Mrs. Bedford's audacity, her willingness to rely on the intuition of others. The outlines of the election were, after all, known to readers before they picked up this book. Here was a story that cried for illumination by flashes of lightning, for the bits that did *not* fit the mosaic, for the vectors of insight that passed clear through the frame of reference. Mr. White's carpentry is excellent, and the frame he builds must be relatively satisfactory to most readers—including this one, who also voted for Kennedy. But revelations can come only from outside so commonplace a frame, and Mr. White ventures backstage only to interview the stars.

In criticizing the television debates, Mr. White aims his fire at the special demands of television, the need for the candidates to make immediate answers to all questions from the panel. His point may be valid, given the essentially forensic nature of the confrontation—though the notion that either man wished only to be honest in his answers may strike some readers as a little naive. Mr. White then moves on to say, "Every experienced newspaperman and inquirer knows that the most thoughtful and responsive answers to any difficult question come after long pause, and that the longer the pause the more illuminating the thought that follows"—and this point is simply not true. When a respondent pauses before answering a question, he is either trying to con the interviewer or trying to phrase an answer in such a way that the interviewer will be able to fit it neatly into his own scheme. The really valuable replies to questions in an interviewing situation come when the interviewer is "misunderstood"—that is, when his question means one thing to him and something else to the respondent. An answer slaps out, revealing that the world is something other than what the interviewer believed, that there is another viewpoint, another frame of reference, with which he has never before made contact. At these times, the interviewer learns.

The great frustration of writing for newspapers or magazines is the relative scarcity of opportunities to use such unconventional learning. It takes a great deal of space to give a reader the mass of background he requires if he is to grasp the subtleties of reference which make differences of opinion something more than horse races. This is why the newspapers and news magazines are essentially so uninformative, why they seem so inaccurate to people who have personal knowledge of the matters under discussion. *The Making of the President,* written under deadline pressure by a man who supped for many years, one is forced to recall, at the tables of *Time,* reads too much like a newspaper or a news magazine. It fails to secure any of the victories over cant and convention made possible by the length of a book and the length of time a man can take to write a book.

Such criticisms must be seen, of course, in context: if this book were the work of a beginning political journalist from a Midwestern newspaper, it would be a remarkable accomplishment, an exercise of skill to set its author near the top of his trade. Mr. White is already at the top. We had reason to hope that in dealing with so splendid a subject, he would seek to make a contribution to enlarge our understanding of our own rites and customs. Instead, he has given us some evenings' entertainment. As reading matter, the book deserves its success; but we deserved something more durable from Mr. White.

THE NEW PRAYER BOOKS

THE TRADITIONAL PRAYER BOOK FOR SABBATH AND FESTIVALS. Edited and translated by DAVID DE SOLA POOL. *University Books by arrangement with Behrman House. 879 pp. $17.50.*

WEEKDAY PRAYER BOOK. Edited by GERSHON HADAS. *Rabbinical Assembly of America. 315 pp. $2.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT ALTER

DURING THE PAST YEAR, the American Jewish community has been presented with two new "official" prayer books. The Rabbinical Council of America, the large, middle-of-the-road Orthodox group, has for the

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first time authorized an edition of the Sabbath and festival prayer book, principally the work of David de Sola Pool, rabbi emeritus of the Sephardic Shearith Israel. While this book was being introduced late last year with considerable fanfare (including a piece in *Life*), the Prayer Book Commission of the Conservative Rabbinical Assembly was completing its *Weekday Prayer Book*, largely done by Gershon Hadas. As might be expected, the efforts of the two groups offer an interesting commentary on the present state of the two large tradition-oriented movements of American Judaism.

Consumer appeal seems to have been a primary concern of the Orthodox Siddur Committee. And one cannot deny that this concern has had some commendable results. The typography of *The Traditional Prayer Book* is really admirable. The type faces both in Hebrew and English are clear and attractive; the page layouts are in the best of taste. After generations of semi-legible prayer-book printing with chaotic mixtures of type sizes and faces, such virtues are not negligible ones. Dr. de Sola Pool has also organized his book to help the less experienced congregants. There are lucid, well-placed instructions on what to do and what to say, and the structure and progression of the service are elucidated by his prefacing each large unit of the prayers with a long explanatory note. Dr. de Sola Pool's own prose—like the language of his translation—tends to be effusive, but that fault in style seems to be a prevalent occupational hazard of the American rabbinate.

MY MORE SERIOUS objections concern the general tenor of Dr. de Sola Pool's various introductory comments, which suggests that he is working hard to sell as well as explicate the traditional *siddur* to his modern readers. The introduction to this first authorized Orthodox prayer book begins by announcing that the prayers which follow are "irradiated by a glorious universalism." We are also informed that the prayer book is a radiantly optimistic book, a primary instrument of Jewish survival, an expression of Jewish social idealism. It is not really until the second third of the introduction that the *siddur* is characterized as a book of praise to God. Trude Weiss-Rosmarin has aptly observed that the editorial remarks in the new Orthodox prayer book have a distinctively Conservative, and more particularly, a Reconstructionist tone.

The translation itself, however, is anything but an appeal to modernism. Translating any ancient text for the use of modern people presents a delicate aesthetic problem. It ultimately may be a question of personal taste whether an American-speaking Jew should address the God of his Fathers as Thou or You, but in any case the Orthodox and Conservative prayer books have taken opposite courses. We can see the kind of difficulties each runs into by comparing their translations for the concluding words of the *Kaddish:*

Literal translation: "May He who makes peace in His high places make peace among us."

Orthodox: "May He who creates the harmony of the Spheres/ Create peace for us."

Conservative: "He who ordains the order of the universe/ Will bring peace to us."

The archaizing poetic fancy of the Orthodox version is self-defeating. Surely the modern Orthodox Jew cannot be expected to pray to the First Mover of a medieval cosmology; in most instances he will hardly know what the words refer to. The Conservative version, on the other hand, introduces the kind of philosophic abstraction that makes the God of Abraham and Isaac begin to sound like the God of Newton.

In general, Dr. de Sola Pool's use of archaic English has the effect of creating an unwarranted distance between the worshipper and the text of the prayers. Despite its antiquity, the Hebrew of the prayer book is a direct and familiar idiom for those who pray with a knowledge of Hebrew; it is cer-

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tainly much closer to them than King James English is to a speaker of present-day American English. All the "yeas" and "days of yore" and "hoary ages" are likely to make the content of *The Traditional Prayer Book* seem quaint and perhaps alien to the typical synagogue-going American Jew.

This new translation is, moreover, neither entirely correct nor consistent in its use of archaic English. And it suffers at many points from excessive literalism: "Let Thy tender mercies flow toward the righteous"; "He has lifted up the horn of strength of His people"; "though war rise up against me." On the other hand, the translator does not hesitate to veil the actual meaning of the original when he finds it embarrassing. Thus "menstrual period" is translated by the comfortable ambiguity of "time of separation," and in the Song of Songs, "thy navel" becomes "thy form," while "thy two breasts" are rendered as "thy bosom" and once even as "thy heart." (Jews in the past may have been puritanical, but not prudish.)

The most regrettable lapse in literary taste in the new Orthodox prayer book is its perpetuation of a group of jingling poetic paraphrases of the Hebrew liturgical poetry by Israel Zangwill and others who translate in his manner. An authorized edition could certainly have done better than Zangwill's "The Angels Came A-mustering, A-mustering, A-mustering" as a translation for the poem *Hitkabtsu Malachim.* Dr. de Sola Pool has unfortunately followed the model of Zangwill in his own renditions of various hymns. The exigencies of an ABAB rhyme-scheme used with a short, regular line reduce such fine pieces of poetry as *Lecha Dodi* and *Adon Olam* to chiming doggerel.

THE CONSERVATIVE *Weekday Prayer Book,* on the other hand, can be forgiven much because its translation is written in good idiomatic English. The resulting gain becomes immediately evident when one compares it with the Orthodox prayer book. The latter, moving carefully from word to word in the Hebrew, translates the beginning of *U'va L'Tsion:* "My words which I have put in your mouth shall not depart out of your mouth, nor out of the mouth of your children, nor out of the mouth of your children's children, henceforth and forevermore, the Lord has said." This is faithful but it is not English. The Conservative translation for the same sentence reads: "My word in your mouth/ Shall remain with you and with your descendants./ My instruction shall be on your lips forever." The original has been partly rearranged, but no real violence has been done to it, and the resulting translation presents no obstacle to prayer for a native speaker of English sensitive to language. In general, the new Conservative translation is admirable for its clarity, precision, and correctness of English usage. By avoiding literalism, it frequently conveys a more accurate as well as more fluent sense of the meaning of the Hebrew.

Freed from prayer-book English to read smoothly throughout, the Conservative translation at times may read too smoothly. The Rabbinical Assembly's translators seem to prefer the abstract to the concrete, the general to the specific, and as a result the vigor and vividness of the original is sometimes lost. The "double-edged sword" of Psalm 148 is reduced to "a sharp sword." "I said all men were faithless" of Psalm 117 becomes "I condemned all life as vain." The power of the Lord—not His right hand—is victorious in the homes—not the tents—of the righteous. The object of the Conservative translation is, of course, clarity, but clarification can become uncomfortable where it is not needed.

Moreover, the English of the *Weekday Prayer Book* is in places really an interpretation and not a translation of the Hebrew. This sort of procedure may be perfectly valid for presenting the *siddur* to American Jews, but the reader should be made aware of it. It is significant that God, as He appears in the English of the new Rabbinical Assembly prayer book, is also less concrete, more passive and remote, than in the Hebrew. That the Conservative translators consistently reinterpret and soften the phrases portraying an avenging God seems legitimate enough; but they do not allow God even to be awesome (*nora*), only "wonderful." Similarly, at a few key points in the service where the Hebrew makes God the subject of active verbs, the *Weekday Prayer Book* removes Him from the action and has the action come about in the passive mode through His decree, will, etc.: "In Your goodness the work of creation is . . . renewed" instead of "You renew in Your goodness." Processes

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go on in the world while God smiles approval, but in the theology often implied by this translation, God is not an immediate actor in the world.

In terms of its treatment of the text of the traditional *siddur*, the *Weekday Prayer Book* has not departed substantially from the approach marked out by the Conservative *Sabbath and Festival Prayer Book*. The altering of the three negatively-worded Morning Blessings to affirmations remains as it was. The preliminary sections before the morning psalms of praise have been judiciously trimmed. Prayers for the restoration of animal sacrifice are excluded as before, though the new Conservative prayer book goes a step further by offering two alternate versions to the worshipper. Above the black line he can pray for a return to Zion and a messianic era without mentioning sacrifices at all. Lower on the page, he can pray for the same ideal while also recalling the sacrifices offered in ancient times (the version that appears in the *Sabbath and Festival Prayer Book*, where the only alteration of the traditional formula is the change in tense of the verbs from future to past).

The *Weekday Prayer Book* has included at the appropriate place in the *Amidah* a new *Al Hanissim* prayer, to be said on Israel's Independence Day. In view of the Conservative conviction that the prayer book should react—as it has in the past—to the significant events in recent history, the new *Al Hanissim* is a commendable addition. The prayer gives thanks for the ingathering of exiles after the destruction of European Jewry and for the victory in Israel over the seven invading armies, while it prudently skirts around any explicit reference to the gaining of statehood.

Typographically, the Conservative weekday *siddur* makes two innovations. On both the Hebrew and the English sides of the page, the main body of the prayers, whether verse or prose, is set up in lines of poetry.

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This arrangment has the virtue of making the rhythmic units and the units of meaning clear to the worshipper; but judging by the layout of lines on the page, a more compelling reason seems to have been to enable a rabbi to use almost any passage in the service for responsive reading. The other stylistic innovation is to give each short unit in the prayers—again both in Hebrew and English—an informal title (again to facilitate congregational reading?). A good many of the captions are rather unfortunate: HEED THE COMMANDMENTS, TEACH YOUR CHILDREN, REMEMBER THE COMMANDMENTS, GOD REDEEMS, GUIDE US AND GUARD US, etc.

In both the Conservative and the Orthodox prayer books, there are these small but disturbing indications that the two movements are beginning to accept some of the less desirable aspects of Jewish religious life in America. The de Sola Pool prayer book offers a transliteration not only for the *Kaddish* but for the principal hymns of the service and for a number of passages where it is customary for the congregation to join in singing. The implication—as Mrs. Weiss-Rosmarin has also pointed out—is that the Rabbinical Council of America takes as permanent the situation in which large numbers of Jews affiliated to Orthodox congregations are unable even to read the Hebrew alphabet. Equally disconcerting is the suspicion that the *Weekday Prayer Book* is a *siddur* designed specifically for use with a rabbi and congregation. It has been a point of pride among Jews that there was never a Jewish clergy which had to "officiate" at worship, but the new Rabbinical Assembly prayer book gives some indication of a tendency to write a clergy into the service. The arrangement of most of the prayers for responsive reading suggests this possibility. Further, the Conservative Prayer Book Commission has now established its brief introduction to the *Kaddish* as a formal part of the service in both the Hebrew and the English. This introduction cannot be recited either by the mourners or by the other congregants: it is a part of the service that requires someone to officiate.

It is to their credit that both the Orthodox and Conservative rabbinate are concerned with American Jewry's need for new and intelligible prayer books. One can hope that both groups will resist influences in the present situation of American Jewry that might divert their work from the path of authenticity.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG is a specialist in education and the author of *The Vanishing Adolescent*.

MARSHALL SKLARE reviewed *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View* in our July 1960 issue.

EUGENE GOODHEART teaches English at Bard.

MARTIN MAYER'S new book, *The Schools*, has been widely acclaimed.

ROBERT ALTER teaches comparative literature at Harvard and Brandeis.

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